

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
the EARL of  
CLARENDON

Lord High Chancellor of *England*, &c.

MY LORD,



Hough Poems have lost much of their Antient value, yet I will presume to make this a Present to your Lordship ; and the rather, because Poems ( if they have any thing precious in them ) do, like Jewels, attract a greater esteem when they come into the possession of great Persons, than when they are in ordinary hands.

The excuse which men have had for dedication of Books, has been to protect them from the malice of Readers : but a defence of this nature was fitter for your forces when y<sup>e</sup> were early known to Learned men ( and had no other occasion for your abilities, but to vindicate Authors ) than at this Season

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*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

when you are of extraordinary use to the whole Nation.

Yet when I consider how many & how violent they are who persecute Dramatick Poetry, I will then rather call this a *Dedication* than a *Present*; as not intending by it to pass any kind of obligation, but to receive a great benefit; since I cannot be safe unless I am shelter'd behind your Lordship.

Your name is so eminent in the Justice which you convey through all the different Members of this great Empire, that my *Rhodians* seem to enjoy a better Harbour in the Pacifique *Thames*, than they had on the *Mediterranean*; and I have brought *Solyman* to be arraign'd at your Tribunal, where you are the Censor of his civility & magnificence.

Dramatick Poetry meets with the same persecution now, from such who esteem themselves the most refin'd and civil, as it ever did from the Barbarous. And yet whilst those vertuous Enemies deny *heroique Plays* to the Gentry, they entertain the People with a Seditious *Farce* of their own counterfeit Gravity. But I hope you will not be unwilling to receive (in this Poetical dress)



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

dress )neither the Besieg'd nor the Besiegers, since they come without their vices : for as others have purg'd the Stage from corruptions of the Art of the Drama, so I have endeavour'd to cleanse it from the corruption of manners ; nor have I wanted care to render the *Ideas* of Greatness and Vertue pleasing and familiar.

In old *Rome* the Magistrates did not only protect but exhibit Plaies ; and , not long since, the two wise *Cardinals* did kindly entertain the great Images represented in Tragedy by *Monsieur Corneille*. My Lord, it proceeds from the same mind not to be pleas'd with Princes on the Stage, and not to affect them in the Throne ; for those are ever most inclin'd to break the Mirrour who are unwilling to see the Images of such as have just authority over their guilt.

In this Poem I have reviv'd the remembrance of that fatal desolation which was permitted by Christian Princes when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of Religions (begot by the factions of Learning) in *Germany* ; whilst those who would never admit Learning into their Empire

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

pire (lest it should meddle with Religion and intangle it with Controversy) did make *Rhodes* defenceless; which was the only fortify'd Academy in Christendome where Divinity and Arms were equally profess'd. I have likewise, for variety, softened the Martial encounters between *Solyman* and the *Rhodians*, with intermingling the conjugal vertues of *Alphonso* and *Ianthe*.

If I should proceed, and tell your Lordship of what use Theatres have antiently been, and may be now, by heightening the Characters of Valour, Temperance, Natural Justice, and complacency to Government, I should fall into the ill manners and indiscretion of ordinary Dedicators, who go about to instruct those from whose abilities they expect protection. The apprehension of this error makes me hasten to crave pardon for what has been already said by

MY LORD,

Your Lordships most humble and

most odedient. Servant

WILL. D'AVENANT.



## The Persons represented.

<i>Solyman</i>	The Magnificent.
<i>Pirrhus</i>	Vizier Bassa.
<i>Mustapha</i>	Bassa.
<i>Rustan</i>	Bassa.
<i>Haly</i>	Eunuch Bassa.
<i>Villarius</i>	Grand Master of <i>Rhodes</i> .
<i>Alphonso</i>	A <i>Cicilian</i> Duke.
<i>Admiral</i>	Of <i>Rhodes</i> .
<i>High Marshal</i>	Of <i>Rhodes</i> .
<i>Roxolana</i>	Wife to <i>Solyman</i> .
<i>Ianthe</i>	Wife to <i>Alphonso</i> .
<i>Women</i>	Attendants to <i>Roxolana</i> .
<i>Women</i>	Attendants to <i>Ianthe</i> .
<i>Four Pages</i>	Attendants to <i>Roxolana</i> .

The Scene,  
**RHODES.**

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# To the Reader.

**H** May receive disadvantage by this Address design'd for excuses ; for it will too hastily put you in mind that errors are not far off when excuses are at hand ; this refers to our Representation : and some may be willing to be led to find the blemishes of it ; but would be left to their own conduct to discover the beauties, if there be any. Yet I may forewarn you that the defects which I intend to excuse are chiefly such , as you cannot reform but only with your Purse ; that is, by building us a larger Room ; a design which we began and shall not be left for you to finish, because we have observ'd that many who are liberal of their understanding when they would issue it out towards discovery of imperfections, have not alwayes Money to expend in things necessary towards the making up of perfection.

It has been often wish't that our Scenes (we having oblig'd our selves to the variety of Five changes, according to the Ancient Drammatic distinctions made for time) had not been

*To the Reader.*

confin'd to eleven foot in height, and about fifteen in depth, including the places of passage reserv'd for the Musick. This is so narrow an allowance for the Fleet of *Solyman* the Magnificent, his Army, the Island of *Rhodes*, and the varieties attending the Siege of the City; that I fear you will think, we invite you to such a contracted Trifle as that of the *Cæsars* carv'd upon a Nut.

As these Limits have hinder'd the splendor of our Scene, so we are like to give no great satisfaction in the quantity of our Argument, which is in story very copious; but shrinks to a small narration here, because we could not convey it by more then seven Persons; being constrain'd to prevent the length of *Recitative* Musick, as well as to conserve, without incumbrance, the narrowness of the place. Therefore you cannot expect the chief Ornaments belonging to a History Drammatically digested into Turns and Counter-turns, to double Walks, and interweavings of design.

This is exprest to forbid your excess of expectation; but we must take care not to deter you from the hope of some satisfaction; for that  
were



*To the Reader.*

were, not only to hang out no Bush, but likewise to shut up our Doors. Therefore, as you have heard what kind of excellencies you should not expect: So I will in brief (I hope without vanity) give you encouragement, by telling you, there are some things at least excusable which you may resolve to meet.

We conceive, it will not be unacceptable to you if we recompence the narrowness of the Room, by containing in it so much as could be conveniently accomplisht by Art and Industry: which wil not be doubted in the Scenes by those who can judg that kind of Illustration & know the excellency of Mr *John Web*, who design'd and order'd it. The Musick was compos'd, and both the Vocal and Instrumental is exercis'd by the most transcendent of *England* in that Art, & perhaps not unequal to the best masters abroad; but being *Recitative*, and therefore unpractis'd here; though of great reputation amongst other Nations, the very attempt of it is an obligation to our own. The Story represented (which will not require much apology because it expects but little praise) is Heroical, and notwithstanding the continual hurry and busie agitations

*To the Reader.*

tations of a hot Siege, is (I hope) intelligibly convey'd to advance the Characters of Vertue in the shapes of Valour and conjugal Love. And though the main Argument hath but a single Walk, yet perhaps the movings of it will not seem unpleasant. You may inquire, being a Reader, why in an heroick Argument my numbers are so often diversify'd and fall into short fractions; considering that a continuation of the usual length of *English* verse would appear more Heroical in reading. But when you are an Auditor you will finde that in this, I rather deserve approbation then need excuse; for frequent alterations of measure (which cannot be so unpleasant to him that reads as troublesome to him that writes) are necessary to *Recitative* Musick for variation of *Ayres*. If what I have said, be taken for excuses, I have my intent; because excuses are not always signs of Error, but are often modest explanations of things that might otherwise be mistaken. But I have said so much to vindicate my self from having occasion to be excus'd for the *Poem*, that it brings me at last to ask pardon for the length of the *Epistle*.

August 17.  
1656.

*Will. Davenant.*

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SIEGE  
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RHODES.



The Ornament which encompass'd the Scene, consisted of several Columns, of gross Rustick work; which bore up a large Freese. In the middle of the Freese was a Compartment, wherein was written RHODES. The Compartment was supported by divers Habiliments of War; intermix'd with the Military Ensignes of those several Nations who were famous for defence of that Island; which were the *French*, *Germans*, and *Spaniards*, the *Italians*, *Avergnois*, and *English*: The Renown of the English valour made the Grand Master *Villerius*, to select their Station to be most frequently commanded by himself. The principal enrichment of the

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Freese

*The Siege of RHODES.*

Freeze was a Crimson Drapery, whereon severall Trophies of Arms were fixt, Those on the Right hand, representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the Western Nations; together with the proper cognisance of the Order of the *Rhodi in* Knights; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the Eastern Countries; and on an Antique Shield the Crescent of the *Ottomans*.

The Scene before the  
First Entry.

**T**He Curtain being drawn up, a lightsome Sky appear'd, discov'ring a Maritime Coast, full of craggy Rocks, and high Cliffs, with several Verdures naturally growing upon such Scituations; and afar off, the true Prospect of the City RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate : with so much view of the Gardens and Hills about it, as the narrowness of the Room could allow the Scene. In that part

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*The Siege of RHODES.*

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of the Horizon, terminated by the Sea, was represented the Turkish Fleet making towards a Promontory some few miles distant from the Town.

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*The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Musick.*

*The First Entry.*

*Enter Admiral.*

*Admir.* **A**rm, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm !  
Thou hast no leisure to grow old ;  
Those now must feel thy courage warm ,  
Who think thy blood is cold.

*Enter Villerius.*

*Viller.* Our Admiral from Sea ?  
What storme transporteth thee ?  
Or bring'st thou stormes that can do more  
Then drive an Admiral on shore ?

*Admir.* Arm, Arm, the *Bassa's* Fleet appears ;  
To *Rhodes* his Course from *Chios* steers ;  
Her shady wings to distant fight,  
Spread like the Curtains of the Night.

Each Squadron thicker and still darker grows ;  
The Fleet like many floating Forrests shows.

B 2

Arm,

*Viller.* Arm, Arm ! Let our Drums beat  
 To all our Out-Guards, a Retreat;  
 And to our Main Guards add  
 Files double lin'd from the Parade.  
 Send Horse to drive the Fields;  
 Prevent what rip'ning Summer yeilds.  
 To all the Foe would save  
 Set fire, or give a secret Grave.

*Admir.* I'll to our Gallies haste,  
 Untackle ev'ry Mast;  
 Hale 'em within the Peer,  
 To range and chain 'em there,  
 And then behind *S<sup>t</sup> Nic'las* Cliffs  
 Shelter our Brigants, Land our Skiffs.

*Viller.* Our Field and Bulwark-Cannon mount with haste;  
 Fix to their Blocks their brazen bodies fast:  
 Whilst to the Foe their Iron Entrails fly:  
 Display our Colours, raise our Standard high ! *Exit Adm.*

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alphon.* What various Noises do mine ears invade?  
 And have a Consort of confusion made?  
 The shriller Trumpet, and tempestuous Drum:  
 The deaf'ning clamor from the Canons wombe;  
 Which through the Air like suddain Thunder breaks,  
 Seems calm to Souldiers shouts and Womens shrieks.  
 What danger (Rev'rend Lord) does this portend?

*Viller.* Danger begins what must in honour end.

*Alphon.* What Vizards does it wear?

*Viller.* Such, gentle Prince,  
 As cannot fright, but yet must warn you hence.  
 What can to *Rhodes* more fatally appear  
 Then the bright Crescents which those Ensigns vwear?  
 Wise Emblems that encreasing Empire show;  
 Which must be still in Nonage and still grow.  
 All these are yet but the forerunning *V. 113*



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

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Of the prodigious *Gross* of *Solyman*.

*Alphon.* Pale shew those Crescents to our bloody Cross !  
Sink not the Western Kingdoms in our loss ?  
Will not the *Austrian* Eagle moult her Wings,  
That long hath hover'd o're the *Gallick*-Kings ?  
Whose Lillies too will wither when we fade ;  
And 'th' English Lyon shrink into a shade.

*Viller.* Thou see'st not, whilst so young and guiltless too,  
That Kings mean seldom what their States-men do ;  
Who measure not the compass of a Crown  
To fit the Head that wears it but their own ;  
Still hind'ring peace, because they Stewards are,  
Without accompt, to that wild Spender, War.

*Enter high Marshall of Rhode.*

*Mar.* Still Christian Wars they will pursue, and boast  
Unjust successes gain'd, whilst *Rhodes* is lost :  
Whilst we build Monuments of Death, to shame  
Those who forsook us in the Chase of Fame.

*Alphon.* We will endure the Colds of Court-delays ;  
Honour grows warm in Airy Vests of Praise.  
On Rocky *Rhodes* we will like Rocks abide.

*Viller.* Away, away, and hasten to thy Bride !  
'Tis scarce a Month since from thy Nuptial Rites  
Thou cam'st to honour here our *Rhodian* Knights :  
To dignifie our sacred annual Feast :  
We love to Lodge, not to entombe a Guest.  
Honour must yield where Reason should prevail.  
Aboard, Aboard, and hoys up ev'ry Sail.  
That gathers any Wind for *Sicilie* !

*Mar.* Men lose their Virtu's Pattern losing thee.  
Thy Bride doth yield her Sex no less a Light :  
But, thy life gone, will set in endless Night.  
Ye must like Stars shine long er'e ye expire !

*Alphon.* Honour, is colder Virtue set on fire :  
My honour lost, her Love would soon decay :  
Here for my Tomb or Triumph I will stay.  
My Sword against proud *Solyman* I draw,

B. 3.

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# The Siege of RHODES.

His cursed Prophet and his sensual Law.

*Chorus*, Our Swords against proud *Solyman* we draw,  
His cursed Prophet and his sensual Law.

*Excun.t*

Enter *Ianthe*, *Melosile*, *Madina* ( her  
Two V Women ) bearing Two  
open Caskets with Jewels.

*Ianth.* To *Rhodes* this fatal Fleet her Course does bear,  
Can I have Love, and not discover fear?  
When he, in whom my plighted heart does live  
    ( Whom *Hymen* gave me in reward  
    Of vows, which he with favour heard,  
And is the greatest Gift he e're can give )  
Shall in a Cruel Siege imprison'd be,  
And I, whom Love has bound, have liberty!  
Away! Let's leave our flourishing abodes  
In *Sicily*, and fly to with'ring *Rhodes*.

*Melo.* Will you convert to Instruments of War  
To things which to our Sex so dreadfull are  
Which terrour add to Death's detested Face,  
These Ornaments which should your Beauty grace?

*Mad.* Beauty laments! and this exchange abhorrs!  
    Shall all these Gemms in Arms be spent  
    Which were by Bounteous Princes sent  
To pay the Valour of your Ancestors?

*Ianth.* If by their Sale my Lord may be redeem'd,  
Why should they more than trifles be esteem'd  
Vainly secur'd with Iron Barrs and Locks?  
They are the Spawn of Shells and Warts of Rocks.

*Mad.* All Madam, all? Will you from all depart?

*Ianth.* Love a Consumption learns from Chymists Art.  
Saphyrs, and harder Di'monds must be sold  
And turn'd to softer and more current Gold.  
With Gold we cursed Powder may prepare  
Which must consume in smoak and thinner Air.

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# *The Siege of RHODES.*

*Melo.* Thou Idol-Love, I'll worship thee no more  
Since thou dost make us sorrowfull and poor.

*Ianth.* Go seek out Cradles and with Child-hood dwell;  
Where you may still be free  
From Loves self-Flattery  
And never hear mistaken Lovers tell  
Of blessings and of joys in such extremes  
As never are posselt but in our Dreams.  
They Wooe apace, and hasten to be sped;  
And praise the quiet of the Marriage-bed;  
But mention not the Storms of grief and care  
When Love does them surprise  
With sudden Jealousies,  
Or they are sever'd by ambitious Warr.

*Mad.* Love may perhaps the Foolish please:  
But he shall quickly leave my heart  
When he perswades me to depart  
From such a hoord of precious things as these.

*Ianth.* Send out to watch the Wind! With the first Gale  
I'll leave thee *Sicilie*; and, heysing Sail,  
Steer strait to *Rhodes*. For Love and I must be  
Preserv'd (*Alphonso*!) or else lost with thee.

*Exeunt.*

## Chorus.

### *By Souldiers of several Nations.*

1. Come ye Termagant *Turks*,  
If your *Bassa* dares Land ye,  
Whilst the Wine bravely works  
Which was brought us from *Candy*.
2. Wealth, the least of our care is,  
For the Poor ne'r are undone;

# *The Siege of Rhodes.*

*A vous, Monsieur of Paris,  
To the Back-Swords of London.*

3. *Diego, thou, in a trice,  
Shalt advance thy lean Belly;  
For their Hens and their Rice  
Make Pillau like a Jelly.*
4. *Let 'em Land fine and free;  
For my Cap though an old one,  
Such a Turbant shall be,  
Thou wilt think it a Gold one.*
5. *It is seven to one odds  
They had safer Sail'd by us:  
Whilst our Wine lasts in Rhodes.  
They shall water at Chios.*

*End of the first Entry.*

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*The Scene is chang'd, and the City, Rhodes, appears beleaguerr'd at Sea and Land.*

The Entry is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.

## The Second Entry.

Enter *Villerius* and *Admiral*.

*Admir.* **T**He blood of *Rhodes* grows cold ! Life must expire !

*Viller.* The Duke still warms it with his valours fire !

*Admir.* If he has much in Honours presence done,  
Has sav'd our Ensigns or has others won,

Then he but well by your Example wrought ;

Who well in Honours School his Child-hood taught,

*Viller.* The Foe three Moons tempestuously has spent

Where we will never yield nor he relent ;

Still we, but raise what must be beaten down ;

Defending Walls, yet cannot keep the Town ;

Vent'ring last Stakes where we can nothing win ;

And, shutting slaughter out, keep Famine in.

*Admir.* How oft and vainly *Rhodes* for succour waits  
From triple Diadems, and Scarlet Hats ?

*Rome* keeps her Gold, cheaply her VVarriours pays,

At first vvith Blessings, and at last vvith praise.

*Viller.* By Armies, stovv'd in Fleets, exhausted *Spain*

Leaves half her Land unplough'd, to plough the Main ;

And still vvould more of the old World subdue,

As if unsatisfi'd vvith all the Nevv.

*France*

# The Siege of RHODES.

*Admir.* France strives to have her Lilies grow as fair  
In others Realms as where they Native are.

*Viller.* The *English* Lyon ever loves to change  
His Walks, and in remoter Forrests range.

*Chorus.* All gaining vainly from each others losse;  
Whilst still the *Crescent* drives away the *Cross*.

## Enter Alphonso.

*Alphon.* 1. How bravely fought the fiery *French*.  
Their Bulwark being storm'd?  
The colder *Almans* kept their Trench,  
By more then Valour warm'd.

2. The grave *Italians* paus'd and fought,  
The solemn *Spaniards* too;  
Study'ng more Deaths then could be wrought  
By what the rash could do.

3. Th' *Avergnian* Colours high were rais'd,  
Twice tane, and twice reliev'd.  
Our Foes, like friends to Valour, prais'd  
The mischiefs they receiv'd.

4. The cheerfull *English* got renown;  
Fought merrily and fast:  
'Tis time, they cry'd to mow them down,  
Wars Harvest cannot last.

5. If Death be rest, here let us dye,  
Where weariness is all  
We dayly get by Victory,  
Who must by Famine fall.

6. Great *Solyman* is landed now;  
All Fate he seems to be;  
And brings those Tempests in his Brow  
Which he deserv'd at Sea.



## *The Siege of RHODES.*

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*Viller.* He can at most but once prevail,  
Though arm'd with Nations that were brought by more  
Gross Gallies then would serve to hale  
This Island to the *Lycian* Shore.

*Adm.* Let us apace do worthily and give  
Our Story length, though long we cannot live.

*Chorus.* So greatly do, that being dead,  
Brave Wonders may be wrought  
By such as shall our Story read  
And study how we fought.

*Exeunt.*

### *Enter Solymán, Pirrhús.*

*Soly.* What sudden halt hath stay'd thy swift Renown;  
O're running Kingdoms, stopping at a Town?  
He that will win the Prize in Honours Race  
Must nearer to the Gole still mend his pace.  
If Age thou feel'st, the active Camp forbear;  
In sleepy Cities rest, the Caves of fear.  
Thy mind was never valiant, if, when old,  
Thy Courage cools because thy blood is cold.

*Pirrhús.* How can ambitious Manhood be exprest  
More then by marks of our disdain of rest?  
What less then toyls incessant can, despite  
Of Canon, raise these Mounts to Castle-height?  
Or less then utmost or unwearied strength  
Can draw these Lines of Batt'ry to that length?

*Soly.* The toils of Ants, and Mole-hills rais'd, in scorn  
Of Labour, to be levell'd with a Spurn.  
These are the *Pyramids* that shew your pains;  
But of your Armies valour, where remains  
One *Trophy* to excuse a *Bassa's* boast?

*Pirrh.* Valour may reckon what she bravely lost;  
Not from Successes all her Count does raise:  
By life well lost we gain a share of praise.

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If

If we in dangers Glafs all Valour see,  
And Death the farthest step of danger be,  
Behold our Mount of Bodies made a Grave;  
And prize our loss by what we scorn'd to save.

*Soly.* Away! range all the Camp for an Assault!  
Tell them, they tread in Graves who make a halt.  
Fat Slaves, who have been lull'd to a Disease;  
Cramm'd out of breath, and crippled by their ease!  
Whose active Fathers leapt o're Walls too high  
For them to climb: Hence, from my anger fly:  
Which is too worthy for thee being mine,  
And must be quench'd by *Rhodian* blood or thine.

*Exit Pirrhus, bowing.*

In Honour's Orb the Christians shine;  
Their light in War does still increase;  
Though oft misled by mists of Wine,  
Or blinder love the Crime of Peace.  
Bold in Adult'ries frequent change;  
And ev'ry loud expensive Vice;  
Ebbing out wealth by ways as strange  
As it flow'd in by avarice.  
Thus vildly they dare live, and yet dare dye.  
If Courage be a vertue, 'tis allow'd  
But to those few on whom our Crowns rely,  
And is condemn'd as madness in the Crowd.

*Enter Mustapha, Iantbe veil'd.*

*Musta.* Great Sultan, Hail! though here at Land  
Loft Fools in opposition in stand;  
Yet thou at Sea dost all command.

*Soly.* What is it thou wouldst shew, and yet dost shrowd?

*Musta.* I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud;  
A Wealth more worth then all the Sea does hide;  
Or Courts display in their triumphant pride.

*Soly.*



# The Siege of RHODES.

II

*Soly.* Thou seem'st to bring the Daughter of the Night;  
And giv'st her many Stars to make her bright.  
Dispatch my wonder and relate her Story.

*Musta.* 'Tis full of Fate, and yet ha's much of Glory.  
A Squadron of our Gallies that did ply,  
Went from this Coast, met two of *Cicily*;  
Both fraught to furnish *Rhodes*, we gave 'em chace;  
And had, but for our Number, met disgrace.  
For, grappling, they maintain'd a bloody Fight,  
Which did begin with Day and end with Night.  
And though this bashful Lady then did wear  
Her Face still vail'd, her valour did appear:  
She urg'd their courage when they boldly Fought;  
And many shun'd the dangers, which she sought.

*Soly.* Where are the limits thou wouldst set for praise?  
Or to what height wilt thou my wonder raise?

*Must.* This is *Ianthe*, the *Cicilian* Flower,  
Sweeter then Buds unfolded in a shower,  
Bride to *Alphonso*, who in *Rhodes* so long  
The Theme has been of each Heroick Song;  
And he for his relief those Gallies fraught;  
Both stow'd with what her Dow'r and Jewels bought.

*Soly.* O wond'rous vertue of a Christian Wife!  
Adven'ring lifes support and then her Life  
To save her ruin'd Lord! Bid her unvail!

*Ianthe* steps back.

*Ianthe.* It were more honour, Sultan, to assail  
A publique strength against thy forces bent  
Then to unwall this private Tenement;  
To which no Monarch but my Lord has right;  
Nor will it yield to Treaty or to Might:  
Where Heaven's great Law defends him from surprise:  
This Curtain onely opens to his eyes.

*Soly.* If Beauty vail'd so vertuous be,  
'Tis more then Christian Husbands know;  
Whose Ladies wear their faces free;  
Which they to more then Husband show.

*Ianthe.* Your Bassa swore, and by his dreadful Law,

*The Siege of RHODES.*

None but my Lords dear hand this Vail should draw ;  
 And that to *Rhodes* I should conducted be  
 To take my share of all his destiny :

Else I had quickly found

Sure means to get some wound,  
 Which would in Deaths cold Arms

My honour instant safety give  
 From all those rude Alarms

Which keep it waking whilst I live.

*Soly.* Hast thou engag'd our Prophets plight  
 To keep her Beauty from my sight ;  
 And to conduct her Person free  
 To harbour with mine Enemy ?

*Musta.* Vertue constrain'd the privildge I gave :  
 Shall I for sacred Vertue pardon crave ?

*Soly.* I envy not the conquests of thy Sword :

Thrive still in wicked VVar ;

But, Slave, how did'st thou dare,  
 In vertuous Love, thus to transcend thy Lord ?  
 Thou did'st thy utmost vertue show :

Yet somewhat more does rest,

Not yet by thee exprest ;

Which vertue left for me to do.

Thou great example of a Christian VVife,  
 Enjoy thy Lord and give him happy Life.

Thy Gallies with their freight,

For which the Hungry wait,

Shall strait to *Rhodes* conducted be ;

And as thy passage to him shall be free,

So both my safe return to *Cicilie*.

*Ianthe.* May *Solyman* be ever far

From impious honours of the VVar ;

Since worthy to receive renown

From things repair'd not overthrown.

And when in peace his verue thrives,

Let all the race of Loyal VVives

Sing this his bounty to his Glory

And teach their Princes by his story :



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

13

Of which, if any Victors be,  
Let them, because he conquer'd me,  
Strip cheerfully each others Brow,  
And at his feet their Laurel throw.

*Soly.* Strait to the Port her Gallies steer;  
Then hale the Sentry at the Peer.  
And though our Flags ne'r use to bow,  
They shall do Vertue homage now.  
Give Fire still as she passes by,  
And let our Streamers lower fly.

*Exeunt several waies.*

## *Chorus of Women.*

1. **L** Et us live, live ! for being dead,  
The pretty Spots,  
Ribbands and Knots,  
And the fine French dress for the Head;  
No Lady wears upon her  
In the cold, cold, bed of Honour.  
Beat down our Grottoes, and hew down our Bow'rs,  
Dig up our Arbours, and root up our Flowers.  
Our Gardens are Bulwarks and Bastions become;  
Then hang up our Lutes, we must sing to the Drum.

2. Our Patches and our Curles  
( So exact in each Station )  
Our Powders and our Purls  
Are now out of Fashion.  
Hence with our Needles, and give us your Spades;  
We, that were Ladies, grow course as our Maids.  
Our Coaches have drove us to Balls at the Court;  
We now must drive Barrovvs to earth up the Port.

*The End of the second Entry.*

*The*

The further part of the Scene is open'd, and a Royal Pavilion appears display'd; representing *Solimans* Imperial Throne; and about it are discern'd the Quarters of his *Bass's*, and Inferiour Officers.

*The ENTRY is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.*

## The Third Entry.

*Enter Soliman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.*

*Solym.* **P***irrhus*, Draw up our Army wide!  
 Then from the *Gross* two strong Reserves divide;  
 And spread the wings;  
 As if we were to fight,  
 In the lost *Rhodians* fight,  
 With all the Western Kings!  
 Each wing with *Fanizaries* line;  
 The Right and Left to *Hally's* Sons assigne;  
 The *Gross* to *Zangiban*.  
 The Main Artillery  
 With *Mustapha* shall be:  
 Bring thou the *Rear*, We lead the *Van*.

*Pirrhus.*



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

15

*Pirrhus.* It shall be done as early as the Dawn;  
As if the Figure by thy hand were drawn.

*Mustap.* We wish that we, to ease thee, could prevent  
All thy Commands, by guessing thy intent.

*Soly.* These *Rhodians*, who of Honour boast,  
A loss excuse, when bravely lost :  
Now they may bravely lose their *Rhodes*,  
Which never play'd against such odds.  
To morrow let them see our strength, and weep  
Whilst they their want of losing blame ;  
Their valiant folly strives too long to keep  
What might be render'd without shame.

*Pirrhus.* 'Tis well our valiant Prophet did  
In us not only loss forbid,  
But has enjoin'd us still to get.

Empire must move apace,  
When she begins the Race,  
And apter is for wings than feet.  
*Mustap.* They vainly interrupt our speed.  
And civil Reason lack,  
To know they should go back  
When we determine to proceed.

*Pirrhus.* When to all *Rhodes* our Army does appear  
Shall we then make a sudden halt,  
And give a general Assault ?

*Soly.* *Pirrhus* not yet, *Ianthe* being there:  
Let them our Valour, by our Mercy prize.  
The respite of this day  
To vertuous Love shall pay  
A debt long due for all my Victories.

*Must.* If vertuous Beauty can attain such grace  
Whilst she a Captive was, and hid,  
What wisdom can his Love forbid  
When Vertue's free and Beauty shews her Face?

*Soly.* Dispatch a Trumpet to the Town;  
Summon *Ianthe* to be gone

Safe

# The Siege of RHODES.

Safe with her Lord. When both are free  
And in their Course to *Cicily*,  
Then *Rhodes* shall for that valour mourn  
Which stops the haste of our return.

*Pirrhus*. Those that in *Grecian* Quarries wrought,  
And Pioners from *Lycia* brought,  
Who like a Nation in a throng appear,  
So great their number is, are landed here:  
Where shall they work?

*Soly*. Upon *Philermus* Hill.

There, ere this Moon her Circle fills with days,  
They shall, by punish't sloth and cherish'd skill,  
A spacious Palace in a Castle raise:  
A Neighbourhood within the *Rhodians* view;  
Where, if my anger cannot them subdue,  
My patience shall out-wait them, whilst they long  
Attend to see weak Princes make them strong:  
There I'll grow old, and dye too, if they have  
The secret art to Fast me to my Grave.

*Exeunt.*

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town  
Besieg'd.

Enter *Villerius*, Admiral, *Alphonso*,  
*Ianthe*.

*Vill.* **W**hen we, *Ianthe*, would this act commend,  
We know no more how to begin  
Then we should do, if we were in,  
How, suddenly, to make an end.

*Adm.*



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

17

*Adm.* VVhat love was yours which these strong bars of Fate  
VVere all too weak to separate ?

VVhich Seas & Storms could not divide  
Nor all the dreadful *Turkish* pride ?

VVhich pass'd secure though not unseen  
Even double Guards of Death that lay between.

*Vill.* VVhat more could Honour for fair Vertue do ?  
VVhat could *Alphonso* venture more for you ?

*Adm.* VVith wonder & with shame we must confess,  
All we our selves can do for *Rhodes*, is less.

*Vill.* Nor did your love and courage act alone,  
Your bounty too has no less wonders done.  
And for our Guard you have brought wisely down  
A Troop of Vertues to defend the Town :  
The onely Troop that can a Town defend ;  
VVhich Heav'n before for ruine did intend.

*Adm.* Look here ye VVestern Monarchs, look with shame,  
VVho fear not a remote, though common Foe ;  
The Cabinet of one illustrious Dame  
Does more then your Exchequers joyn'd did do.

*Alphon.* Indeed I think, *Ianthe*, few  
So young and flourishing as you,  
VVhose Beauties might so well adorn  
The Jewels which by them are worn,  
Did ever Musquets for them take,  
Nor of their Pearls did Bullets make.

*Ianthe.* VVhen you my Lord are shut up here  
Expence of treasure must appear  
So far from bounty, that, alas,  
It covetous advantage was :  
For with small cost I sought to save  
Even all the Treasure that I have.

VVho would not all her trifling Jewels give,  
Which but from Number can their worth derive,  
If she could purchase or redeem with them  
One great inestimable Gem ?

D

*Adm.*

## The Siege of RHODES.

*Adam.* Oh ripe perfection in a Brest so young

*Vill.* Vertue has tun'd her heart, and Wit her tongue

*Adm.* Though *Rhodes* no pleasure can allow,

I dare secure the safety of it now;

All will so labour to save you

As that will save the City too.

*Ianthe.* Alas, the utmost I have done

More then a just reward has won,

If by my Lord and you it be but thought

I had the care, to serve him as I ought.

*Vill.* Brave Duke farewell, the Scouts for Orders wair,

And the Parade does fill.

*Alphon.* Great Master, I'll attend your pleasure strait,

And strive to serve your will.

*Exeunt, Vill. Adm.*

*Ianthe* after all this praise

W<sup>ch</sup> Fame so fully to you pays,

For that w<sup>ch</sup> all the world beside

Admires you, I alone must chide.

Are you that kinde and vertuous VVife,

VVho thus expose your Husbands Life?

The hazards, both at Land and Sea,

Through which so boldly thou hast run,

Did more assault and threaten me

Then all the Sultan could have done.

Thy dangers, could, I them have seen,

VVould not to me have dangers been,

But certain death: Now thou art here

A danger worse then death I fear.

Thou hast, *Ianthe*, honour won,

But mine, alas, will be undone:

For as thou valiant wer't for me,

I shall a Coward grow for thee.

*Ianthe.* Take heed *Alphonso*, for this care of me,

VVil to my Fame injurious be;

Your love will brighter by it shine,

But it eclipses mine.

Since

The Sie  
I would here  
needs but be  
on. *Ianthe*,  
had this my  
your vertue  
even *Solyman*  
To whom it d  
to civilize  
Of this your  
Briefly the m  
Did I not  
I was take  
more great *Sol*  
that we inter  
Yes, but w  
ould *Solyman*  
seems th  
reaped and  
and this  
sides which  
Turks and  
I fear'd not I  
my Voya  
high worth;  
right his usag  
in civil Fr  
my Person,  
command.  
O wondro  
These are t  
What could  
He gave m  
may home  
all his Flee  
But Honou  
If that for



## *The Siege of RHODES.*

19

Since I would here before, or with you fall,  
Death needs but becken when he means to call.

*Alphon.* *Ianthe*, even in this you shall command.

And this my strongest passion guide;  
Your vertue will not be deny'd:  
It could even *Solyman* himself withstand;  
To whom it did so beauteous show  
It seem'd to civilize a barb'rous Foe.

Of this your strange escape, *Ianthe* say,  
Briefly the motive and the way.

*Ianthe.* Did I not tell you how we fought,  
How I was taken, and how brought  
Before great *Solyman*? but there  
I think we interrupted were.

*Alpho.* Yes, but we will not be so here,  
Should *Solyman* himself appear.

*Ianthe.* It seems that what the Bassa of me said,  
Had some respect and admiration bred  
In *Solyman*; and this to me increast  
The jealousies which Honour did suggest.  
All that of *Turks* and *Tyrants* I had heard,  
But that I fear'd not Death, I should have fear'd.  
I, to excuse my Voyage, urg'd my Love  
To your high worth; which did such pity move  
That straight his usage did reclaim my fear;  
He seem'd in civil *France*, and Monarch there:  
For soon my Person, Gallies, Freight, were free  
By his command.

*Alphon.* O wondrous Enemy!

*Ianthe.* These are the smallest Gifts his bounty knew.

*Alp.* What could he give you more?

*Ianthe.* He gave me you;  
And you may homewards now securely go  
Through all his Fleet.

*Alph.* But Honour says not so.

*Ianthe.* If that forbid it you shall never see

*The Siege of RHODES.*

That I and that will disagree :  
Honour will speak the same to me.

*Alph.* This Christian Turk amazes me, my Dear !

How long *Ianthe* stay'd you there ?

*Ianthe.* Two days with *Mustapha*.

*Alph.* How do you say ?

Two days, and two whole nights : alas !

*Ianth.* That it, my Lord, no longer was,

Is such a mercy, as too long I stay,

E're at the Altar thanks to Heav'n I pay.

*Alph.* To Heav'n, Confession should prepare the way.

*Exit Ianthe.*

She is all Harmony and fair as light

But brings me discord and the Clouds of night.

And *Solyman* does think Heav'n's joys to be

In Women not so fair as she.

'Tis strange ! Dismiss so fair an Enemy ?

She was his own by right of War,

We are his Dogs, and such as she, his Angels are.

O wondrous Turkish chastity !

Her Gallies, freight, and those to send

Into a town which he would take !

Are we besieg'd then by a friend ?

Could Honour such a Present make,

Then when his Honour is at stake ?

Against it self, does Honour booty play ?

We have the liberty to go away !

Strange above miracle ! But who can say

If in his hands we once should be

What would become of her ? For what of me

Though Love is blind, ev'n Love may see.

Come back my thoughts, you must not rove !

For sure *Ianthe* does *Alphonso* love.

Oh *Solyman* this mistique act of thine,

Does all my quiet undermine :

But on thy Troops, if not on Thee,

This Sword my cure and my revenge shall be.

*Exit.*

Chorus



*The Siege of RHODES.*

39

Enter *Roxolana*, *Pirrh*,  
*Rustan*.

*Rust*. You come from Sea as *Venus* came before;  
And seem that Goddess, but mistake her Shore.

*Pirrh*. Her Temple did in fruitfull *Cyprus* stand;  
The *Sultan* wonders why in *Rhodes* you Land.

*Rust*. And by your sudden Voyage he does fear  
The Tempest of your Passion drove you here.

*Roxol*. *Rustan*, I bring more wonder than I find;  
And it is more than humour bred that wind  
Which with a forward Gale  
Did make me hither Sail.

*Rust*. He does your forward Jealousie reprove.

*Roxol*. Yet jealousy does spring from too much Love;  
If mine be Guilty of excess  
I dare pronounce it shall grow less.

*Pirrh*. You boldly threaten more than we dare hear.

*Roxol*. That which you call your Duty is your fear.

*Rust*. We have some Valour or our Wounds are feign'd.

*Roxol.* What has your Valour from the *Rhodians* gain'd?  
 Unless *Ianthe*, as a prize, you boast;  
 Who now has got that heart which I have lost.  
 Brave Conquest where the Taker's self is taken!  
 And, as a present, I  
 Bring vainly e're I Dye  
 That heart to him which he has now forsaken.

*Rast.* Whispers of Eunuchs, and by Pages brought  
 To *Licia*, you have up to Story wrought.

*Roxol.* Lead to the *Sultan's* Tent! *Pirrhus*, away!  
 For I dare hear what he himself dares say.

**Chorus**

*The S*  
 We wives a  
 Unlearn  
 And all y  
 strain hither c  
 in a good  
 A Glas for y  
 Make haste th  
 die but your  
 You, tha  
 need; there's  
 Be you but  
 Perhaps I a  
 Be you  
 Alphon  
 Le both fides  
 Let's both jo

*E*



Chorus.

*Of Men and Women.*

*Men.* YE wives all that are, and wives that would be,  
Unlearn all ye learnt here, of one another.  
And all ye have learnt of an Aunt or a Mother;  
Then strait hither come, a New Pattern to see:  
VWhich in a good humour kinde Fortune did send;  
A Glas for your mindes as well as your faces;  
Make haste then, and break your own Looking-glasses:  
If you see but your selves, you'll never amend.

*Women.* You, that would teach us what your wives ought to do,  
Take heed; there's a pattern in Town too for you.

Be you but *Alphonfos*, and we  
Perhaps *Ianthes* will be.

*Men.* Be you but *Ianthes*, and we  
*Alphonfos* a while will be.

*Both.* Let both sides begin then, rather then neither;  
Let's both joyn our hands, and both mend together.

Chorus

*End of the third Entry.*

The

The Scene is vary'd to the Prospect of Mount *Philermus* : Artificers appearing at work about that Castle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by *Solyman*. His great Army is discovered in the Plain below, drawn up in *Battalia* ; as if it were prepar'd for a general Assault.

*The Entry is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.*

## The Fourth Entry.

*Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.*

*Solyman.* REFUSE my Pass-port, and resolve to dye ?  
 ONLY for fashions sake, for company ?

Oh costly scruples ! But Ile try to be ,

Thou stubborn Honour, obstinate as Thee.

My Pow'r thou shalt not vanquish by thy will ;

I will enforce to live whom thou would'st kill.

*Pirrhus.* They in to morrows storm will change their minde ;  
 Then, though too late instructed, they shall finde.

That



# The Siege of RHODES.

23

That those who your protection dare reject  
No humane Power dares venture to protect.  
They are not Foes, but Rebels. who withstand  
The pow'r that does their Fate command.

*Soly.* Oh *Mustapha*, our strength we measure ill;  
VVe want the half of what we think we have;  
For we enjoy the Beast-like pow'r to kill,  
But not the God-like pow'r to save.  
VVho laughs at death, laughs at our highest pow'r;  
The valiant man is his own Emperour.

*Musta.* Your pow'r to save, you have to them made known,  
VVho scorn'd it with ingrateful pride;  
Now, how you can destroy, must next be shown;  
And that the Christian world has try'd.

*Soly.* 'Tis such a single pair  
As onely equal are  
Unto themselves; but many steps above  
All others who attempt to make up Love.  
Their Lives will noble History afford,  
And must adorn my Scepter, not my Sword.  
My strength in vain has with their vertue strove;  
In vain their hate would overcome my love.  
My favours Ile compel them to receive.  
Go *Mustapha*, and strictest Orders give,  
Through all the Camp, that in Assault they spare  
(And in the Sack of this presumptuous Town)  
The lives of these two strangers, with a care  
Above the preservation of their own.  
*Alphonso* has so oft his courage shown,  
That he to all but Cowards must be known.  
*Ianthe* is so fair, that none can be  
Mistaken, amongst thousands, which is she.

*Exeunt.*

The

# The Siege of RHODES.

The Scene returns to that of the Town  
Besieg'd.

Enter *Alphonso, Ianthe.*

*Ianthe.* *Alphonso*, Now the danger grovvs so near,  
Give her, that loves you, leave to fear.  
Nor do I blush this passion to confess,  
Since it for object has no less  
Then even your liberty, or life;  
I fear not as a woman but a vvife.  
We vv ere too proud no use to make  
Of *Solymans* obliging proffer;  
For vvhy should Honour scorn to take  
What Honour's self does to it offer.

*Alph.* To be o'recome by his victorious Svword,  
Will comfort to our fall afford:  
Our strength may yeild to his; but 'tis not fit  
Our vertue should to his submit;  
In that, *Ianthe*, I must be  
Advanc'd, and greater far then he.

*Ianthe.* Fighting vvith him vvho strives to be your friend,  
You not vvith Vertue but vvith Povv'r contend.

*Alph.* Forbid it Heav'n our friends should think that vve  
Did merit friendship from an Enemy.

*Ianthe.* He is a Foe to *Rhodes*, and not to you.

*Alph.* In *Rhodes* besieg'd vve must be *Rhodians* too.

*Ianthe.* 'Tvv as Fortune that engag'd you in this War.

*Alph.* 'Tvv as Providence! Heaven's Pris'ners here vve are.

*Ianthe.* That Providence our freedom does restore;  
The hand that shut, novv opens us the Door.

*Alph.* Had Heav'n that Pass-port for our freedom sent  
It vvould have chose some better Instrument  
Then faithless *Solyman*.

*Ianthe.*



*Ianthe.* O say not so !

To strike and wound the vertue of your Foe  
Is cruelty, which war does not allow :  
Sure he has better words deserv'd from you.

*Alphon.* From me *Ianthe*, No ;  
What he deserves from you, you best must know.

*Ianthe.* What means my Lord ?

*Alphon.* For I confesse, I must  
The poyson'd bounties of a Foe mistrust :  
And when upon the Bait I look,  
Though all seem fair, suspect the Hook.

*Ianthe.* He, though a Foe, is generous and true :  
What he hath done declares what he will do.

*Alphon.* He in two Days your high esteem has won :  
What he would do I know ; who knows what he has done ?  
Done ? Wicked Tongue what hast thou said ? *Aside.*  
What horrid falshood from thee fled ?  
Oh Jealousie (if Jealousie it be)  
Would I had here an *Asp* instead of *Thee*.

*Ianthe.* Sure you are sick, your words, alas,  
Gestures, and looks distempers shew.

*Alphon.* *Ianthe*, you may safely pass ;  
The Pass, no doubt, was meant to you.

*Ianthe.* He's jealous sure ; Oh vertue can it be ?  
Have I for this serv'd Vertue faithfully ?

*Alphonso* —

*Alphon.* Speak, *Ianthe*, and be free.

*Ianthe.* Have I deserv'd this change ?

*Alphon.* Thou do'st deserve  
So much, that Emperours are proud to serve  
The fair *Ianthe* ; and not dare

To hurt a Land whilst she is there.  
Return (Renown'd *Ianthe*) safely home ;  
And force thy passage with thine Eyes ;  
To conquer *Rhodes* will be a prize  
Less glorious then by thee to be overcome.

E

But

But since he longs (it seems) so much to see,  
 And be possesst of me,  
 Tell him, I shall not fly beyond his reach :  
 Would he could dare to meet me in the Breach.

*Exit.*

*Ianthe.* Tell him ! tell him ? Oh no, *Alphonso*, no  
 Let never man thy weakness know ;  
 Thy suddain fall will be a shame  
 To Man's and Vertue's Name.

*Alphonso's* false ! for what can falser be  
 Then to suspect that falshood dwels in me ?  
 Could *Solyman* both Life and Honour give ?  
 And can *Alphonso* me of both deprive ?

Of both *Alphonso* ; for believe

*Ianthe* vvill disdain to live

So long as to let others see

Thy true, and her imputed infamy.

No more let Lovers think they can possess

More then a Month of happiness.

We thought our Hold of it was strong,

We thought our Leale of it was long :

But now, that all may ever happy prove,

Let never any love.

And yet these troubles of my love to me

Shall shorter then the pleasures be.

I'll till to morrow last ; then the Assault

Shall finish my misfortune and his fault.

I to my Enemies shall doubly owe,

For saving me before, for killing now.

*Exit.*

### *Enter Villerius, Admiral.*

*Adm.* From out the Camp a valiant Christian Slave  
 Escap'd, and to our Knights assurance gave  
 That at the break of day  
 Their Mine will play.

*Vill.*



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

27

*Vill.* Oft *Martinius* struck and try'd the ground,  
And Counter-digg'd, and has the hollows found :

We shall prevent  
Their dire intent.

Where is the Duke, whose Valour strives to keep  
*Rhodes* still awake, which else would dully sleep ?

*Adm.* His Courage and his Reason is o'rethrown.

*Vill.* Thou sing'st the sad destruction of our Town.

*Adm.* I met him wild as all the winds,

When in the Ocean they contest :

And diligent Suspicion finds

He is with jealousy possess'd.

*Vill.* That Arrow, once misdrawn, must ever rove.  
O weakness sprung from mightiness of love !

O pitty'd Crime !

*Alphonso* will be overthrown

Unless we take this Ladder down,

Where, though the Rounds are broke,

He does himself provoke

Too hastily to Climb.

*Adm.* Invisibly, as dreams, Fame's wings

Fly every where ;

Hov'ring all Day o're Palaces of Kings ;

At Night she lodges in the people's ear :

Already they perceive *Alphonso* wild,

And the belov'd *Ianthe* griev'd.

*Vill.* Let us no more by Honour be beguil'd ;

This Town can never be reliev'd ;

*Alphonso* and *Ianthe* being lost,

*Rhodes*, thou dost cherish Life with too much cost !

*Chorus.* Away, unchain the Streets, unearth the Ports.

Pull down each Barracade

Which womens fears have made,

And bravely Sally out from all the Forts !

Drive back the Crescents, and advance the Cross,

Or sink all human Empires in our loss !

E 2

Enter

# *The Siege of RHODES.*

Enter *Roxolana, Pirrhus, Rustan,*  
and two of her Women.

*Roxol.* Not come to see me e're th' assault be past?

*Pirrh.* He spoke it not in anger but in haste.

*Rust.* If mighty *Solyman* be angry grown

It is not with his Empress but the Town.

*Roxol.* When stubborn *Rhodes* does him to anger move

'Tis by detaining there what he does Love.

*Pirrh.* He is resolv'd the City to destroy.

*Roxol.* But more resolv'd *Ianthe* to enjoy.

*Rust.* T' avoid your danger cease your Jealousie.

*Roxol.* Tell them of danger who do fear to Dye.

*Pirrh.* None but your self dares threaten you with Death.

1. *Wom.* Do not your Beauty blast with your own Breath.

2. *Wom.* You lessen 't in your own esteem

When of his Love you jealous seem.

1. *Wom.* And but a faded Beauty make it  
When you suspect he can forsake it.

2. *Wom.* Believe not, Empress, that you are decay'd,  
For so you'l seem by jealous passion sway'd.

*Roxol.* He follows passion, I pursue my Reason:  
He loves the Traitor, and I hate the Treason.

Enter



*Enter Haly.*

*Haly.* Our foes appear! Th' assault will strait begin. } *Pirrhus Rustan,*  
They Sally out where we must enter in. } in *Chorus.*

*Roxol.* Let *Solyman* forget his way to Glory  
Increase in Conquest and grow less in Story.

That honour which in vain  
His valour shrinks to gain,  
When from the *Rhodians* he *Ianthe* takes,  
Is lost in losing me whom he forsakes.

*Exeunt several ways.*

*Chorus of Wives.*

I.

1. **T**His cursed Jealousie, what is't?

2. 'Tis Love that has lost it self in a Mist.

3. 'Tis Love being frightened out of his wits.

4. 'Tis Love that has a Fever got;

Love that is violently hot;

But troubled with cold and trembling fits.

'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:

(Devil.

*Chorus.* 'Tis the God of Love, 'tis the God of Love, possess'd with a

2.

1. 'Tis rich corrupted Wine of Love;

Which sharpest Vinegar does prove.

E 3

2. From

## *The Siege of RHODES.*

2. From all the sweet Flowers which might Honey make,  
It does a deadly Poyson bring.

3. Strange Serpent which it self does sting!

4. It never can sleep, and dreams still awake.

5. It stuffs up the Marriage-bed with thorns!

*Chorus.* It gores it self, it gores it self, with imagin'd horns.

### *The End of the Fourth Entry.*

The Scene is chang'd into a Representation  
of a general Assault given to the Town;  
the greatest fury of the Army being discern'd  
at the English Station.

*The*



*The ENTRY is again prepar'd by Instru-  
mental Musick.*

## The Fifth Entry

*Enter Pirrhbus.*

*Pirrhbus.* **T**Raverle the Canon! mount the Batrys higher!  
More Gabions, and renew the Blinds!  
Like dust they powder spend,  
And to our faces send  
The heat of all the Element of fire;  
And to their Backs have all the winds.

*Enter Mustapha.*

*Musta.* More Ladders, and reliefs to scale!  
The Fire-crooks are too short! Help, help to hale!  
That Battlement is loose, and strait will down!  
Point well the Canon, and play fast!  
Their fury is too hot to last.

*That Rampire shakes, they fly into the Town.*

*Pirrh.* March up with those Reserves to that Redout!  
Faint slaves! the *Janizaries* reel!  
They bend, they bend! and seem to feel  
The terrours of a Rout.

*Musta.* Old Zanger halts, and re-inforcement lacks!

*Pirrh.* March on!

*Musta.* Advance those Pikes, and charge their Backs!

*Enter*

## Enter Solyman.

*Solym.* Those Platforms are too low to reach !  
 Haste, haste! call *Haly* to the Breach !  
 Can my domestique *Janizaries* flye !  
 And not adventure life for victory !  
 Whose child-hood with my Palace-milk I fed ;  
 Their youth, as if I were their Parent, bred.  
 What is this Monster Death, that our poor Slaves,  
 Still vext with toyl, are loth to rest in Graves ?

*Musta.* If life so pretious be, why do not they,  
 Who in War's trade can onely live by prey,  
 Their own afflicted lives expose  
 To take the happier from their foes ?

*Pirrh.* Our Troops renew the Fight !  
 And those that sally'd out  
 To give the Rout,  
 Are now return'd in flight !

*Solym.* Follow, follow, follow ! make good the Line!  
 In, *Pirrhus*, in! Look, we have sprung the Mine ! *Exit Pirrhus.*

*Musta.* Those desp'rate *English* n'er will fly !  
 Their firmness still does hinder others flight,  
 As if their Mistresses were by  
 To see and praise them whilst they fight.

*Solym.* That flame of valour in *Alphonso's* eyes  
 Outshines the light of all my victories !  
 Those who were slain when they his Bulwark storm'd,  
 Contented fell,  
 As vanquish'd well;  
 Those who were left alive may now,  
 Because their valour is by his reform'd,  
 Hope to make others bow.

*Musta.* E're while I in the *English* station saw  
 Beauty, that did my wonder forward draw,

Whose



# The Siege of RHODES.

31

Whole valour did my Forces back disperse ;  
Fairer than Woman, and then Man more fierce :  
It shew'd such courage as disdain'd to yield,  
And yet seem'd willing to be kill'd.

*Solym.* This Vision did to me appear ;  
Which mov'd my pitty and my fear :  
It had a Dress much like the Imag'rie  
For Heroes drawn, and may *Ianthè* be.

## Enter Pirrhus.

*Pirrh.* Fall on ! the English stoop when they give fire !  
They seem to furl their Colours and retire !

*Solym.* Advance ! I onely would the honour have  
To conquer two, whom I by force would save.

## Enter *Alphonso* with his Sword drawn.

*Alph.* My reason by my Courage is misled !  
Why chase I those who would from dying fly ,  
Enforcing them to sleep amongst the dead ,  
Yet keep my self unflain that fain would die ?  
Do not the Pris'ners whom we take declare  
How *Solyman* proclaim'd through all his Host,  
That they *Ianthè's* life and mine should spare ?  
Life ill preserv'd is worse then basely lost.  
Mine by dispatch of War he will not take ,  
But means to leave it lingering on the Rack ;  
That in his Palace I might live, and know  
Her shame, and be afraid to call it so.  
Tyrants and Divels think all pleasures vain,  
But what are still deriv'd from others pain.

Enter

## Enter Admirall.

*Adm.* Renown'd *Alphonso*, thou hast fought to day,  
As if all *Asia* were thy valour's prey.

But now thou must do more

Then thou hast done before ;

Else the important life of *Rhodes* is gone.

*Alph.* Why from the peacefull grave  
Should I still strive to save

The lives of others, that would lose mine own?

*Adm.* The Souldiers call, *Alphonso*! thou hast taught  
The way to all the wonders they have wrought ;

Who now refuse to fight

But in thy valour's fight.

*Alphon.* I would to none example be to fly ;  
But fain would teach all human kind to die.

*Adm.* Haste, haste ! *Ianthe* in disguise  
At th'English Bulwark wounded lies ;  
And in the *French*, our old great Master strives  
From many hands to rescue many lives.

*Alphon.* *Ianthe* wounded ? where, alas,  
Has mourning *Pitty* hid her face ?

Let *Pitty* fly, fly far from the oppress'd,  
Since she removes her Lodging from my Brest !

*Adm.* You have but too great Cruelties to chuse  
By staying here ; you must *Ianthe* lose

Who ventur'd life and fame for you ;

Or your great Master quite forsake.

Who to your childhood first did shew

The wayes you did to Honour take.

*Alphon.* *Ianthe* cannot be

In safer company :

For what will not the valiant English do

When Beauty is distress'd and Vertue too.

*Adm.*

*Th*  
*Adm.* Dispa  
Occasio  
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*Alphon*  
*Alphon.* Tho  
The riddle is r  
The hardest th  
Honou  
Of both  
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*Alphon.* I to  
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*Adm.* By thi  
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*Alph.* Hence  
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relibing t  
how, *Ianthe*  
here honou

*Firbus.* O  
Victory, a



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

33

*Adm.* Dispatch your choice, if you will either save  
Occasion bids you run ;  
You must redeem the one  
And I the other from a common Grave.

*Alphonso*, haste !

*Alphon.* Thou urgest me too fast.  
This riddle is too sad and intricate ;  
The hardest that was e're propos'd by Fate.

Honour and pitty have  
Of both too short a time to choose :  
Honour, the one would save,  
Pitty, would not the other loose.

*Adm.* Away, brave Duke, away !  
Both perish by our stay.

*Alphon.* I to my Noble Master owe  
All that my Youth did Nobly do :  
He in War's Schoole my Master was,  
The Ruler of my life ;  
She my lov'd Mistris; but, alas,  
My now suspected Wife.

*Adm.* By this delay we both of them forsake !  
Which of their rescues wilt thou undertake ?

*Alph.* Hence *Admirall*, and to my Master hy !  
I will as swiftly to my Mistris fly ;  
Through Ambush, Fire, and all impediments  
The witty cruelty of War invents:  
For there does yet some taste of kindness last,  
Still relishing the vertue that is past.  
But how, *Ianthe*, can my sword successfull prove,  
Where honour stops, and onely pitty leads my love?

*Exeunt, severall waies.*

## *Enter Pirrhus.*

*Pirrhus.* O suddain change! repulst in all the heat  
Of Victory, and forc'd to lose retreat !

F

Seven

*The Siege of RHODES.*

Seven Crescents, fixt on their Redouts, are gone !

Horse, horse ! we fly  
From Victory !

Wheel, wheel from their Reserves, and charge our own !

Divide that Wing !  
More succours bring !  
Rally the Fled,  
And quit our Dead !

Rescue that Ensigne and that Drum !

Bold slaves ? they to our Trenches come :

Though still our Army does in posture stay

Drawn up, to judge, not act the business of the day ;

As *Rome* in Theaters saw Fencers play.

*Enter Mustapha.*

*Musta.* Who can be loud enough to give command ?

Stand, *Haly*, make a stand !

Those Horses to that Carriage span ! Drive, drive !

*Zanger* is shot agen, yet still alive !

*Coyns* for the Culv'rin, then give fire

To clear the Turn-Pikes, and let *Zanger* in !

Look, *Pirrhbus*, look, they all begin

To alter their bold Count'nance, and retire !

*The Scene returns to that of the Castle on the  
Mount Philermus.*

*Enter Solyman.*

*Soly.* How cowardly my num'rous Slaves fall back ?

Slow to Assault, but dext'rous when they sack,

Wilde



Wilde Wolves in times of peace they are;  
Tame sheep, and harmless in the War.  
Crowds fit to stop up Breaches ; and prevail  
But so as shoals of Herrings choak a Whale.  
This Dragon-Duke so nimbly fought to day,  
As if he wings had got to stoop at Prey.  
*Ianthe* is triumphant, but not gone ;  
And sees *Rhodes* still beleaguer'd, though not won.  
Audacious Town ! thou keep'st thy station still ;  
And so my Castle tarries on that Hill ;  
Where I will dwell till Famine enter Thee ;  
And prove more fatal then my Sword could be.  
Nor shall *Ianthe* from my favours run,  
But stay to meet and praise what she did shun.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town  
besieg'd.

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Ianthe*.

She in a Night-Gown and a Chair is  
brought in.

*Viller.* FAIR Vertue, we have found  
No danger in your Wound.  
Securely live,  
And credit give

To us, and to the Surgeons Art.

*Ianthe.* Alas, my wound is in the Heart ;  
Or else, where e're it be,  
Imprison'd life it comes to free,  
By seconding a worser wound that hid doth lie.  
What practice can assure  
That Patient of a Cure,  
Whose kind of grief still makes her doubt the remedy ?

*Adm.* The wounded that would soon be eas'd  
 Should keep their spirits tun'd and pleas'd;  
 No discord should their mind subdue:  
 And who in such distress  
 As this, ought to express  
 More joyfull harmony than you?  
 'Tis not alone that we assure  
 Your certain cure;  
 But pray remember that your blood's expence  
 Was in defence

*Of Rhodes*, which gain'd to day a most important Victory:  
 For our succels, repelling this Assault,  
 Has taught the *Ottomans* to halt;

Who may, wasting their heavy Body, learn to fly.

*Adm.* Not onely this should hasten your content;  
 But you shall joy to know the Instrument  
 That wrought the triumph of this day;  
*Alphonso* did the Sally sway;

To whom our *Rhodes* all that she is does owe,  
 And all that from her Root of Hope can grow.

*Ianthe.* Has he so greatly done?  
 Indeed he us'd to run

As swift in Honour's Race as any He  
 Who thinks he merits Wreaths for Victory.

This is to all a comfort, and should be,  
 If he were kind, the greatest joy to me.

Where is my alter'd Lord? I cannot tell

If I may ask, if he be safe and well?

For whilst all strangers may his actions boast,

Who in their Songs repeat

The Triumphs he does get,

I onely must lament his favours lost.

*Vill.* Some wounds he has; none dangerous but yours;

*Ianthe* cur'd, his own he quickly cures.

*Ianthe.* If his be little, mine will soon grow less.

**Ay**



Ay me ! What Sword  
Durst give my Lord

Those wounds, which now *Ianthe* cannot dress ?

*Adm.* *Ianthe* will rejoyce when she did hear  
How greater than himself he does appear  
In rescue of her Life ; all acts were slight,  
And cold, even in our hottest Fight

Compar'd to what he did,  
When with Death's Vizard she her Beauty hid.  
*Vill.* Love urg'd his anger, till it made such haste  
And rusht so swiftly in,  
That scarce he did begin

E're we could say, the mighty work was past.

*Ianthe.* All this for me ? something he did for you :  
But when his Sword begun  
Much more it would have done

If he, alas, had thought *Ianthe* true.

*Adm.* Be kind, *Ianthe*, and be well !

It is too pittifull to tell

What way of Dying he exprest

When he that Letter read

You wrote before your Wounds were drest ;

When you and we despair'd you could recover :

Then he was more than Dead,

And much out-wept a Husband and a Lover.

Enter *Alphonso* wounded, led in by  
two Mutes.

*Alphon.* Tear up my wounds ! I had a passion course

And rude enough to strenthen Jealousie ;

But want that more refin'd and quicker force

Which does out-wrestle Nature when we Dye.

Turn to a Tempest all my inward strife :

Let it not last,

But in a blast

Spend this infectious vapour, Life!

*Ianthe.* It is my Lord! Enough of strength I feel  
To bear me to him, or but let me kneel.

He bled for me when he achiev'd for you  
This days success; and much from me is due.

Let me but bless him for his Victory,  
And hasten to forgive him ere I Dye.

*Alphon.* Be not too rash, *Ianthe*, to forgive,  
Who knows but I ill use may make  
Of pardons which I should not take  
For they may move me to desire to Live.

*Ianthe.* If ought can make *Ianthe* worthy grow  
Of having pow'r of pard'ning you  
It is, because she perfectly does know

That no such pow'r to her is due:  
Who never can forgive her self since she  
Unkindly did relent your Jealousie:  
A Passion against which you nobly strove:  
I know it was but over-cautious Love.

*Alphon.* Accursed crime! Oh, let it have no name  
Till I recover Blood to shew my shame.

*Ianthe.* Why stay we at such distance when we treat?  
As Monarchs Children, making Love  
By Proxy, to each other move  
And by advice of tedious Councils meet.

*Alphon.* Keep back, *Ianthe*, for my strength does fail  
When on thy Cheeks I see thy Roses pale.  
Draw all the Curtains, and then lead her in;  
Let me in Darkness mourn away my sin.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Roxolana*, and VVomen  
Attendants.

*Soly.* Your looks express a triumph at our loss.

*Roxol.* Can I forsake the Crescent for the Cross?

*Soly.* You with my spreading Crescent shrunk to less.

*Roxol.* Sultan, I would not lose by your Success.

*Soly.*



# The Siege of RHODES.

39

*Soly.* You are a friend to the Besiegers grown ?

*Roxol.* I wish your Sword may thrive,  
Yet, would not have you strive

To take *Ianthé* rather than the Town.

*Soly.* Too much on wand'ring Rumour you rely ;  
Your foolish women teach you Jealousie.

1 *Wom.* We should too blindly confident appear,  
If, when the Emperess fears, we should not fear.

2 *Wom.* The Camp does breed that loud report  
Which wakens Eccho in the Court.

1 *Wom.* The world our Duty will approve,  
If, for our Mistris sake,  
We ever are awake

To watch the wand'rings of your Love.

*Soly.* My War with *Rhodes* will never have success,  
Till I at home, *Roxana*, make my peace.

I will be Kind if you'll grow Wife;

Go, chide your Whisp'ers and your Spies.

Be satisfy'd with liberty to think ;

And, when you should not see me, learn to wink.

## Chorus of Souldiers.

1.

With a fine merry Gale,  
Fit to fill ev'ry Sayl,  
They did cut the smooth Sea  
That our Skins they might flea :  
Still as they Landed, we firkt them with Sallies ;  
We did bang their silk Shashes,  
Through Sands and through Plashes,  
Till amain they did run to their Gallies.

2.

They first were so mad  
As they Jealousies had

That

40      *The Siege of RHODES.*

That our Isle durst not stay,  
But would float strait away;  
For they Landed still faster and faster:  
And their old Basla *Pirrhbus*  
Did think he could fear us;  
But himself sooner fear'd our Grand-Master.

3.  
Then the hug'ous great *Turk*,  
Came to make us more work;  
With enow men to eat  
All he meant to defeat;  
Whose wonderfull worship did confirm us  
In the fear he would bide here  
So long till he Dy'd here,  
By the Castle he built on *Philermus*.

4.  
You began the Assault  
With a very long Hault;  
And, as hauling ye came,  
So ye went off as lame;  
And have left our *Alphonso* to scoff ye.  
To himself, as a Daintie,  
He keeps his *Ianthe*;  
Whilst we drink good Wine, and you drink but Coffy.

*The End of the Fifth ENTRY.*

The Curtain is let fall.

---

*FINIS.*



THE  
SIEGE  
OF  
RHODES:

---

The Second Part,

---

As it was lately Represented at His  
Highness the Duke of YORK'S Theatre  
In *Lincoln's-Inn* Fields.

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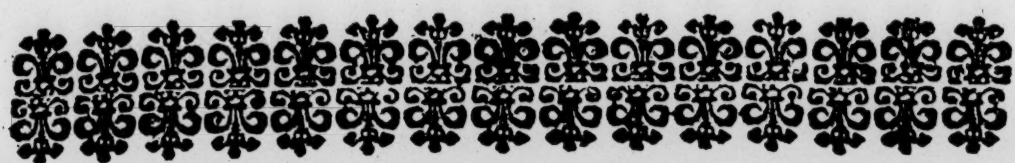
LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at  
the Sign of the *Anchor*, on the Lower-walk in the  
*New-Exchange*. 1663.



What if we  
Like him  
So many a  
and City  
good man, car  
Boxes, as  
Tricks, had  
his Purse, and  
when as fond  
stronger thin  
perform as mac  
Money, a  
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can make  
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not half of  
lers here  
Florence,





## Prologue.

**W**Hat if we serve you now a Trick ? and do  
Like him who posted Bills that he would show  
So many active feats, and those so high,  
That Court and City came to see him fly ?  
But he, good man, carefull to empty still  
The Money-Boxes, as the House did fill,  
Of all his Tricks, had time to shew but one :  
He lin'd his Purse, and, Presto ! he was gone ! ----  
Many were then as fond, as you are now,  
Of seeing stranger things than Art can show.  
We may perform as much as he did doe ;  
We have your Money, and a Back-Door too.  
Go, and be couzen'd thus, rather than stay  
And wait to be worse couzen'd with our Play.  
For you shall hear such course complaints of Love,  
Such silly sighing, as no more will move  
Your Passion then Dutch Madrigals can doe,  
when Skippers, with wit Beards, at Wapping wooe.  
Hope little from our Poets wither'd Witt ;  
From Infant-Players, scarce grown Puppets yet.  
Hope from our Women less, whose bashfull fear,  
wondred to see me dare to enter here :  
Each took her leave, and wish't my danger past ;  
And though I come back safe, and undisgrac'd,  
Yet when they spy the WITS here then I doubt  
No Amazon can make 'em venture out.  
Though I advis'd 'em not to fear you much ;  
For I presume not half of you are such.  
But many Trav'lers here as Judges come ;  
From Paris, Florence, Venice, and from Rome :

who will describe, when any Scene we draw,  
By each of ours, all that they ever Saw.  
Those praising, for extensive breadth and height,  
And inward distance to deceive the sight.  
When greater Objects, moving in broad Space,  
You rank with lesser, in this narrow Place,  
Then we like Chess-men, on a Chess-board are,  
And seem to play like Pawns the Rhodian Warr.  
Oh Money! Money! if the WITTS would dress,  
With Ornaments, the present face of Peace;  
And to our Poet half that Treasurespare,  
Which Faction gets from Fools to nourish Warr;  
Then his contracted Scenes should wider be,  
And move by greater Engines, till you see  
( whilst you Securely sit ) fierce Armies meet,  
And raging Seas disperse a fighting Fleet.  
Thus much he had me say; and I confess  
I think he would, if rich, mean nothing less;  
But, leaving you your selves to entertain,  
Like an old Rat retire to Parmazan.

---

THE



Enter A

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ally at home  
The furious



THE  
SIEGE  
OF  
RHODES.

---



The Second Part,  
Act the First, Scene the First.

---

The SCENE is a Prospect of *Rhodes*  
beleaguer'd at Sea and Land by the  
Fleet and Army of  
*SOLYMAN*.

---

Enter *Alphonso*, Admiral, Marshal of *Rhodes*.

Alph.  When shall we scape from the delays of *Rome*?  
And when, slow *Venice*, will thy Succours come?  
Mar.  How often too have we in vain  
Sought ayd from long consulting *Spain*?  
Adm. The *German* Eagle does no more  
About our barren Island Sore.

Thy Region, famisht *Rhodes*, she does forsake;  
And cruelly at home her Quarrie make.

Alph. The furious *French*, and fiercer *English* fail.

B

We

# The Siege of Rhodes.

*Adm.* We watch from Steeples and the Peer  
What Flaggs remoter Vessels bear ;  
But no glad Voice cries out, a Sail ! a Sail !

*Mar.* Brave Duke ! I find we are to blame  
In playing slowly Honour's Game ,  
Whilst lingring Famine waists our strength,  
And tires afflicted Life with length.

*Alph.* The Council does it rashness call  
When we propose to hazard all  
The parcells we have left in one bold Cast :  
But their Discretion makes our Torments last.

*Adm.* When less'ning Hope flies from our Ken,  
And still Delpair shews great and near,  
Discretion seems to Valour then  
A formal shape to cover fear.

*Alph.* Courage, when it at once adventures all ,  
And dares with human aids dispence,  
Resembles that high confidence  
Which Priests may Faith and *Heav'nly-Valour* call.

*Adm.* Those who in latter dangers of fierce Warr  
To distant hope and long consults are given,  
Depend too proudly on their own wise care ;  
And seem to trust themselves much more than Heav'n's.

*Alph.* Let then the Elder of our *Rhodian* Knights  
Discourse of slow designs in antient Fights ;  
Let them sit long in Council to contrive  
How they may longest keep lean Fools alive :  
Whilst ( *Marshal* ) thou, the *Admiral*, and I  
( Grown weary of this tedious strife  
Which but prolongs imprison'd Life )  
Since we are freely Born will freely Dye.

*Adm.* From sev'ral Ports wee'l Sally out  
With all the bolder Youth our Seas have bred.

*Mar.* And we at Land through storms of Warr have led,  
Then meet at *Mustapha's* Redoubt.

*Alph.* And this last Race of Honour being run,  
Wee'l meet agen, farr, farr, above the Sun.

Already



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

3

*Adm.* Already Fame her Trumpet sounds :  
Which more provokes and warms  
Our Courage than the smart of Wounds,  
Away ! to Arms ! to Arms ! -----

*Enter Villerius.*

*Vill.* What from the Camp, when no Assault is near,  
Fierce Duke does thee to Slaughter call ?  
Or what bold Fleet does now at Sea appear,  
To hale and boord our Admiral ?

*Adm.* We give, Great Master, this alarm  
Not to forwarn your Chiefs of harm :  
To whom assaults from Land or Sea  
Would now but too much welcome be.

*Alph.* We want great dangers, and of mischiefs know  
No greater ill but that they come too slow.

*Adm.* Why should we thus, with Arts great care  
Of Empire, against Nature Warr ?  
Nature, with sleep and food, would make Life last ;  
But artfull Empire makes us watch and fast.

*Alph.* If Valour virtue be, why should we lack  
The means to make it move ?  
Which progreſs would improve ;  
But cannot march when Famine keeps it back.

*Adm.* When gen'ral Dearth  
Afflicts the Earth,  
Then even our loudeſt Warriours calmly pine.  
High courage ( though with Sourneſs ſtill  
It yields to Yoaks of human will )  
Yet gracefully does bow to Pow'r Divine.

*Alph.* But when but mortal Foes  
Imperiously impoſe  
A Martial Lent  
Where ſtrength is ſpent ;  
That Famine, doubly horrid, wears the face

B 2

Both

# The Siege of RHODES.

Both of a Lingring death, and of disgrace.

*Mar.* For those, whose Valour makes them quickly Dye,  
Prevent the Fast to shun the infamy.

*Vill.* Whom have I heard? 'Tis time all Pow'r should cease  
When men high born, and higher bred  
(Who have out-done what most have read,)  
Grow like the Gowd, impatient of distress.  
Is there no room for Hope in any Breast?

*Adm.* Not, since she does appear  
Boldly a dweller where  
She first was intertain'd but as a Guest.

*Alph.* She may in Sieges be receiv'd  
Be courted too, and much believ'd;  
And thus continue after wants begin;  
But is thrust out when Famine enters in.

*Vill.* You have been tir'd in vain with passiveness;  
But where, when active, can you meet Success?

*Alph.* With all the strength of all our Forts  
Wee'll sally out from all the Ports;  
And with a hot and hot alarm  
Still keep the *Turkish* Fents so warm.

That *Solyman* shall in a Fever lye:

*Mar.* His Bassas, marking what we do,  
Shall find that we were taught by you  
To manage Life, and teach them how to Dye.

*Vill.* Valour's designs are many heights above:  
All pleasures fancy'd in the dreams of Love.  
But whilst, voluptuously, you thus devise  
Delightfull ways to end those miseries  
Which over-charge your own impatient mind;  
Where shall the softer Sex their safety find?  
When you with num'rous Foes lye dead,  
(I mean asleep in Honour's Bed)  
They then may subject be  
To all the wild and fouler force  
Of rudest Victory;  
Where noise shall Deafen all remorse.



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

5

*Alph.* If still concern'd to watch and arm  
That we may keep from harm  
All who defenceless are  
And seldom safe in Warr,  
When, *Admiral*, shall we  
From weariness be free?

*Vill.* The *Rhodians* by your gen'ral Sally may  
Get high renown;  
Though you at last must bravely lose the Day,  
And they their Town.

Then when by anger'd *Solyman*'tis sway'd,  
On whom shall climbing Infants smile for aid?  
Or who shall lift and rescue falling Age,  
When it can only frown at *Turkish* rage?  
The living thus advise you to esteem  
And keep your Life that it may succour them:  
But though you are inclin'd to hear Death plead  
As strongly to invite you to the Dead,  
Whilst glory does beyond compassion move,  
Yet stay till your *Ianthe* speaks for Love!

*Alph.* *Ianthe*'s name is such a double charm,  
As strait does arm me, and as soon unarm.  
Valour as farr as ever Valour went,  
Dares go, not stopping at the *Sultans* Tent,  
To free *Ianthe* when to *Rhodes* confin'd:

But halts, when it considers I  
Amidst ten Thousand *Turks* may Dye,  
Yet leave her then to many more behind.

*Adm.* Since life is to be kept, what must be done?

*Vill.* All those attempts of Valour we must shun  
Which may the *Sultan* vex; And, since bereft  
Of food, there is no help but Treaty left.

*Adm.* *Rhodes*, when the World shall thy submission know,  
Honour, thy antient friend, will court thy Foe.

*Mar.* Honour begins to blush, and hide his face:  
For those who Treat sheath all their Swords,  
To try by length of fencing words

How

# The Siege of RHODES.

How farr they may consent to meet Disgrace.

*Alph.* As noble minds with shame their wants confess ;  
So *Rhodes* will bashfully declare distress.

} A Shout within, and a Noise of  
forcing of Doors.

*Vill.* Our guards will turn confed'rates with the crowd,  
Whose mis'ries now insult and make them loud.  
Their leaders strive with praises to appease,  
And soften the mis-led with promises.

[ Exit Admiral.

*Alph.* These us'd with awe to wait  
Far from your Palace gate ;  
But, like lean Birds in Frosts, their hunger now  
Makes them approach us and familiar grow.

*Vill.* They have so long been Dying that 'tis fit  
They Deaths great privilege should have ;  
Which does in all a parity admit :  
No rooms of State are in the Grave.

## Enter Admiral.

*Adm.* The Peoples various minds  
( Which are like sudden winds,  
Such as from Hilly-coasts still changing blow )  
Were lately as a secret kept  
In many whispers of so soft a breath,  
And in a calm so deeply low,  
As if all Life had soundly slept ;  
But now, as if they meant to waken Death,  
They rashly rise, and loud in Tumults grow.

*Mar.* They see our strength is hourly less,  
Whilst *Solyman's* does still increase.

*Adm.* Thus, being to their last expectance driven,  
*Lanthe*, now they cry !  
Whose name they raise so high  
And often that it fills the vault of Heaven.

*Alph.* If *Solyman* does much her Looks esteem,

Looks



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

7

Looks captive him, and may enfranchise them.

*Adm.* By many pris'ners, since our Siege began,  
They have been told, how Potent *Solyman*,  
In all assaults, severely did command  
That you and she  
Should still be free

From all attempts of every *Turkish* hand.

*Alph.* It rudeness were in me, not to confess  
That *Solyman* has civil been,  
And did much Christian honour winn  
When he *Ianthe* rescu'd from distress.

*Adm.* They were from many more advertis'd too,  
That he hath Passports sent for her and you :  
Which makes them hope the Pow'r divine  
Does by some blessed cause design

*Ianthe* to procure their Liberty :

Or if by Heaven 'tis not intirely me'nt  
That powerfull Beauties force should set them free,  
Yet they would have her strait in Treaty sent  
To gain some rest for those,  
Who of their restless foes

Continual wounds and fasts are weary grown.

*Mar.* Whose mighty hearts conceiv'd before,  
That they were built to suffer more  
Assaults and Battries than our Rocky Town.

*Vill.* Those who, with Gyant-stature, shocks receiv'd,  
Now down to Dwarfish size and weakness fall.

*Mar.* Who once no more of harm from shot believ'd  
Than that an arrow hurts a wounded Wall.

*Alph.* She Treat? What pleasant, but what frantick dreams,  
Rise from the Peoples feaver of extremes?

I will allay their Rage, or try  
How farr *Ianthe* will comply.

[ *Exit.*

Enter

Enter *Iantbe* and her two Women at  
the other Door.

*Iant.* Why wise *Villerius*, had you power to sway  
That *Rhodian* Valour, which did yours obey?  
Was not that pow'r deriv'd from awfull Heav'n  
Which to your Valour hath your Wisdome given?  
And that directs you to the Seasons meet  
For deeds of Warr, and when 'tis fit to treat.

*Vill.* Ere we to *Solyman* can sue,  
*Iantbe*, we must treat with you.

The people find that they have no defence  
But in your Beauty and your Eloquence.

*Mar.* To your requests Great *Solyman* may yield.

*Iant.* Can hope on such a weak Foundation build?

*Mar.* In you the famish'd peoples hopes are fed.

*Iant.* Can your discerning eyes  
( Which may inform the wise )

Be by vain hope, their blind Conductor, led?

*Vill.* When winds in Tempests rise  
Pilots may shut their eyes.

*Mar.* And, though their practice knows their way,  
Must be content a while to stray.

*Iant.* Though *Solyman* should softer grow;  
And to my tears compassion show;

What shape of comfort can appear to me,  
When all your outward Warr shall cease,

If then my Lord renew his jealousy  
And strait destroy my inward peace?

*Vill.* The *Rhodian* Knights shall all in Council sit;  
And with perswasions, by the publick Voice,  
Your Lord shall woo till you to that submit  
Which is the Peoples will, and not your Choice.



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

9

No arguments, by forms of Senate made,  
Can Magisterial Jealousie perswade ;  
It takes no Counsel, nor will be in awe  
Of Reasons force, necessity, or Law.

[ *Exit with the Marshal and her Women.* ]

*Vill.* Call thy experience back,  
Which safely coasted every shore ;  
And let thy reason lack  
No wings to make it higher soar ;  
For all those aids will much too weak appear,  
With all that gath'ring fancy can supply,  
When she hath travell'd round about the Sphere,  
To give us strength to govern Jealousie.

*Adm.* Will you believe that Fair *Ianthe* can  
Consent to go, and treat with *Solyman*,  
Vainly in hope to move him to remorse ?

*Vill.* 'Twill not be said by me  
That she consents, when she  
Does yield to what the People would inforce.  
Their strength they now will in our weakness find,  
Whom in their plenty we can sway,  
But in their wants must them obey,  
And wink when they the Cords of pow'r unbind.

*Adm.* 'Tis likely then that she must yield to go.

*Vill.* Who can resist, if they will have it so ?

*Adm.* Where 'ere she moves she will last innocent.

*Vill.* Heav'n's spotless Lights are not by motion spent.

*Adm.* *Alphonso's* Love cannot so sickly be  
As to express relapse of Jealousie.

*Vill.* Examine Jealousie and it will prove  
To be the carefull tenderness of Love.  
It can no sooner than Celestial fire  
Be either quench't, or of it self expire.

*Adm.* No signs are seen of Embers that remain  
For windy passion to provoke.

*Vill.* Talk not of signs ; Celestial fires contain  
No matter which appears in smoak.

C

Be

*The Siege of RHODES.*

Be heedfull *Admiral*; The private peace  
Of Lovers so Renown'd requires your care:  
Their League, renew'd of late, will if it cease  
As much perplex us as the *Rhodian* Warr.

[Exit.

*Adm.* How vainly must I keep mine eyes awake,  
Who now, *Alphonso*, am enjoyn'd to take,  
For publick good, a private care of thee;  
When I shall rather need thy care of me?  
Love, in *Ianthe's* shape, pass't through my eyes  
And tarries in my breast. But if the wise  
*Villerius* does high Jealousie approve  
As Virtue, and because it springs from Love:  
My Love, I hope, will so much Virtue be  
As shall, at least, take place of Jealousie.

For all will more respect

The cause than the effect.

What I discern of Love, seems virtue yet,  
And whilst that Face appears I'll cherish it.

[Exit.

*The*



DES. *The Siege of RHODES.*

II

*The same Scene continues.*

ke, *The Second Act.*

A great Noise is heard of the People within.

Enter *Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.*

*Adm.* **T**Heir murmurs with their hunger will increale :  
Their noises are effects of emptiness.  
Murmurs, like Winds, will louder prove  
When they with larger freedome move.

*Vill.* Winds which in hollow Caverns dwell,  
Do first their force in murmurs waste ;  
Then soon, in many a fighting blast,  
Get out, and up in Tempests swell.

*Adm.* Your practis'd strength no publique burden fears ;  
Nor stoops when it the weight of Empire bears.

*Vill.* Pow'r is an Arch which ev'ry common hand  
Does help to raise to a magnifiqu height ;  
And it requites their aid when it does stand  
With firmer strength beneath increasing weight.

*Adm.* 'Tis noble to endure and not resent  
The bruises of Afflictions heavy hand.  
But can we not this Embassy prevent ?

*Vill.* *Ianthe* needs must go. Those who withstand  
The Tide of Flood, which is the Peoples will,  
Fall back when they in vain would onward row :  
We strength and way preserve by lying still.  
And sure, since Tides ebb longer than they flow,

Patience, which waits their Ebbs, regains  
Lost time, and does prevent our pains.

*Adm.* Can we of saving and of gaining boast  
In that by which *Ianthe* may be lost ?  
She wholly Honour is ; and, when bereft  
Of any part of that, has nothing left.  
For Honour is the Soul, which by the Art  
Of Schools, is all contain'd in ev'ry part.

*Vill.* The Guiltless cannot Honour lose, and she  
Can never more than Virtue guilty be.

*Adm.* The talking World may persecute her name.

*Vill.* Her Honour bleeds not when they wound her Fame.  
Honour's the Soul which nought but Guilt can wound ;  
Fame is the Trumpet which the People sound.

*Mar.* The Trumpet where still variously they blow,  
And seeking Ecchos, sound both high and low.

*Adm.* Can no expedient stop their will ?

*Vill.* The practice grows above our skill.

Last Night, in secret, I a Pris'ner sent  
To *Mustapha*, with deep acknowledgment  
For fair *Ianthes* former Libertie,  
And Passports, offer'd since, to set her free.  
My Letters have no ill acceptance met ;  
But his reply forbids all means to treat,  
Unless *Ianthe*, who has oft refus'd  
That Pass, which Honour might have safely us'd,  
Appear before Great *Solyman*, and sue  
To save those Lives which Famine must subdue.

*Adm.* Sad Fate ! Were all those drowsie Sirrups here  
Which Art prescribes to madness, or to fear,  
To Jealousie, or carefull Statesmens Eyes,  
To waking Tyrants, or their watchfull Spies,  
They could not make me sleep when she is sent  
To lie Love's Lieger in the *Sultans* Tent. [A great shout within.

*Mar.* What sodain pleasure makes the Crowd rejoyce ?  
What comfort can thus raise the publique Voice ?

*Vill.* 'Tis fit that with the Peoples insolence,

When



When in their sorrows rude, we should dispence ;  
Since they are feldome civil in their joys :  
Their gladness is but an uncivil Noise.

*Adm.* They feldome are in tune ; and their tunes last  
But like their Loves rash Sparkles struck in haste.

*Vill.* Still brief, as the concordance of a Shout.

*Adm.* What is so short as Musick of the Rout ?

*Vill.* Though short, yet 'tis as hearty as 'tis loud.

*Adm.* Dissembling is an Art above the Crowd.

*Vill.* Whom do they dignifie with this applause ?

*Enter Alphonso, Ianthe.*

*Alph.* Of this, grave Prince, *Ianthe* is the cause.

I from the Temple led her now :

Where she for *Rhodes* pay'd many a Vow ;

And did for ev'ry *Rhodian* mourn

With sorrows gracefully devout :

But they pay'd back at our return

More vows to her than she laid out.

*Vill.* If they such gratitude exprefs

For your kind Pray'rs in their distress,

*Ianthe*, think, what the Besieg'd will do

When the Besieger is or'come by you ?

Though *Rhodes* by Kings has quite forsaken bin

Without, whilst all forsake their Chiefs within ;

Yet who can tell but Heav'n has now design'd

Your shining beauty and your brighter mind

To lead us from the darkness of this Warr,

Where the Besieg'd, forgotten Pris'ners are :

Where glorious minds have been so much obscur'd

That Fame has hardly known

What they have boldly done,

And with a greater boldness have endur'd.

*Alph.* If Heav'n of Innocence unmindfull were,  
*Ianthe* then might many dangers fear.

Your

Your hazards, and what *Rhodes* does hazard too,  
Are less than mine when I adventure you ;

Who doubtfull perills run  
That we may try to shun  
Such certain loss as nought can else prevent.

*Adm.* Revolted Jealousie ! can he consent ?

[ *Aside.*

*Iant.* If *Rhodes* were not concern'd at all  
In what I am desir'd to undertake

I should it less than Duty call  
To seek the *Sultan* for *Alphonso's* sake.

*Alph.* The *Sultan* has with forward haste  
Climb'd to the top of high Renown ;  
And sure, he cannot now as fast,  
By breaking trust, run backward down.

*Iant.* We should not any with Suspicion wound  
Whom none detect, much less believe that those  
In whom by trial we much virtue found  
Can quickly all their stock of virtue lose.

*Adm.* How sweetly she, like Infant-Innocence,  
Runs harmlessly to harm ?  
High Honour will unarm  
It self to furnish others with defence.

[ *Aside.*

*Mar.* Her mind, ascending still o're human heights,  
Has all the Valour of our *Rhodian* Knights.

*Vil.* What more remains but Pray'rs to recommend  
Your safety to the Heav'nly Pow'rs,  
You being theirs much more than ours.  
I'll to the *Sultan* for your Passport send.

*Iant.* That may disgrace the trust which we should give,  
And lessen the effects we should receive.

Let such use forms so low  
As not by trial know  
How high the Honour is of *Solyman* :  
Who never will descend  
Till he in Valleys end

That race which he on lofty Hills began.  
His pow'r does every day increase,

And



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And can his honour then grow less?  
Bright power does like the Sun  
Tow'rd chief perfection run,  
When it does high and higher rise.  
From both the best effects proceed,  
When they from heights their glories spread,  
And when they Dazzle gazing eyes.

*Alph.* How far, *Ianthe*, will these thoughts extend?  
Vain question, Honour has no Journeys end!

*Adm.* Her honor's such, as he who limits it  
Must draw a Line to bound an infinite.

*Vill.* Since Fate has long resolv'd that you must go,  
And you a pass decline, what can we do?

*Iant.* The great Example which the *Sultan* gave  
Of virtue, when he did my honour save,

And yours, *Alphonso*, too in me,  
When I was then his Enemy,  
Shall bring me now a Suppliant to his Tent;  
Without his plighted Word or Passport sent.  
So great a test of our entire belief  
Of Clemency, in so Renown'd a Chief,  
Is now the greatest present we can make:  
His Passport is the least that we can take.

*Alph.* *Ianthe*, I am learning not to prize  
Those dangers, which your virtue can despise.

*Adm.* My Love is better taught;  
For with the pangs of thought,  
I must that safety much suspect,  
Which she too nobly does neglect.

[ A shout within.

*Vill.* You hear them *Admiral*!

*Adm.* Agen the people call.  
Our haſt provoking by a shout.

*Vill.* Go hang a Flag of Treaty out,  
High on Saint *Nich'las* Fort!  
Then clear the Western port  
To make renown'd *Ianthe* way!

[ Shout agen.

*Adm.* Hark! they grow loud!

That

That tide, the Crowd,  
Will not for Lovers leisure stay.

*Mar.* That storm by suddenness prevails,  
And makes us lower all our Sails.

*Vill.* To *Mustapha* I'll strait a Herald send,  
That *Solyman* may melt when he shall know  
How much we on his mighty mind depend.  
By trusting more than *Rhodes* to such a Foe.

[ *Exeunt* Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.

*Alph.* How long *Ianthe* should I grieve  
If I perceiv'd you could believe  
That I the *Rhodians* can so much esteem,  
As to adventure you to rescue them?  
Yet I for *Rhodes* would frankly hazard all  
That I could mine, and not *Ianthes* call.

But now I yield to let you go  
A pledge of Treaty to the foe,  
In hope that saving *Rhodes* you may  
Prepare to *Cicily* your way.

Were *Rhodes* subdu'd, *Ianthe* being there,  
*Ianthe* should the only loss appear.

*Iant.* Much from us both is to the *Rhodians* due,  
But when I sue for *Rhodes*, it is for you.

*Alph.* *Ianthe*, we must part! you shall rely  
On hope, whilst I in parting learn to Dye.

*Iant.* Take back that hope! your dealing is not fair  
To give me hope, and leave your self despair.

*Alph.* I will but dream of Death, and then  
As virtuously as Dying men  
Let me to scape from future punishment  
Come to a clear confession, and repent.

*Iant.* I cannot any story fear  
Which of *Alphonso* I shall hear,  
Unless his Foes in malice tell it wrong.

*Alph.* *Ianthe*, my confession is not long,  
For since it tells what folly did commit  
Against your honour, shame will shorten it.

Lend



*Iant.* Lend me a little of that shame ;  
For I perceive I grow too blame  
In practising to guess what it can be.

*Alph.* It is my late ignoble Jealousie.  
Though parting now seems Death, yet but forgive  
That crime, and after parting I may Live,  
And as I now again great sorrow show ,  
Though I repented well for it before ;  
So let your pardon with my sorrows grow ;  
You much forgave me, but forgive me more:

*Iant.* Away! Away! How soon will this augment  
The troubled peoples fears,  
When they shall see me by *Alphonso* sent  
To treat for *Rhodes* in tears?

*Alph.* What in your absence shall I do  
Worthy of Fame, though not of you?

*Iant.* By patience, not by action now,  
Your virtue must successfull grow. [ *A shout within.*

*Alph.* In throngs the longing people wait  
Your coming at the Palace gate.  
Let me attend you to the Peer.

*Iant.* But we must leave our sorrows here.  
Let not a *Rhodian* witness be  
Of any grief in you or me ;  
For *Rhodes*, by seeing us at parting mourn,  
Will look for weeping Clouds at my return.

[ *Exeunt.*

The Scene is Chang'd to the Camp of  
*Solyman*, the Tents and Guards seem  
 near, and part of *Rhodes* at  
 a distance.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Rustan*.

*Pirrh.* **N**One (Glorious *Sultan*) can your Conquest doubt  
 When *Rhodes* has hung a Flagg of Treaty out.

*Soly.* Thy courage, haughty *Rhodes*,  
 (When I account the Odds

Thou hast oppos'd, by long and vain defence)  
 Is but a braver kind of Impudence.

Thou knew'st my strength, but thou didst better know  
 How much I priz'd the brav'ry's of a Foe.

*Pirrh.* Their Sallies were by stealth, and faint of late.

*Soly.* Can flowing Valour stay at standing flood?

*Pirrh.* No, it will quickly from the mark abate.

*Rust.* And then soon shew the Dead low Ebb of Blood.

*Soly.* When those who did such mighty Deeds before,  
 Shall less, but by a little, do,

It shews to me and you,

Old *Pirrhus*, that they mean to do no more.

By Treaty they but boldly begg a Peace.

*Pirrh.* Shall I command that all our Batties cease?

*Soly.* You may, then draw our out-Guards to the Line.

*Pirrh.* And I'll prevent the springing of the Mine.

[Exit.]

Enter



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

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## *Enter Mustapha.*

*Must.* *Villerius* sends his Homage to your feet :

And, to declare how low

The pride of *Rhodes* can bow,

*Ianthe* will be here to Kneel and Treat.

*Rust.* What more can fortune in your favour do ?  
Beauty, which Conquers Victors, yields to you.

*Solym.* What wandering Star does lead her forth ? Can she  
Who scorn'd a Passport for her Liberty,  
Vouchsafe to come, and Treat without it now ?  
The first did Glory, this respect may show.

Pow'rs best Religion she,

Perhaps does civilly believe

To be establish'd, and reform'd in me,

Which counsels Monarchs to forgive.

## *Enter Pirrhus.*

*Pirrhus.* A second Morn begins to break from *Rhodes* ;  
And now that threatning Skie grows clear,  
Which was o're cast with smoke of Cannon-Clouds,  
The fair *Ianthe* does appear.

*Soly.* *Pirrhus*, our Forces from the Trenches lead,  
And open as our Flying Ensigns spread.

And, *Mustapha*, let her Reception be

As great as is the Faith she has in me.

I keep high Int'rest hid in this command ;

Which you with safety may

Implicitly obey,

But not without your Danger understand.

Your try'd obedience I shall much engage,

Joyn'd to the prudence of your practis'd age.

D 2

We

# The Siege of RHODES.

*Must.* We are content with age, because we live  
So long beneath your sway.

*Pirrh.* Age makes us fit t' obey  
Commands which none but *Solyman* can give.

[ *Exeunt Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan.*

*Soly.* Of spacious Empire, what can I enjoy?  
Gaining at last but what I first Destroy.

Tis fatal (*Rhodes*) to thee,  
And troublesome to me

That I was born to govern swarms  
Of Vassals boldly bred to arms:

For whose accurs'd diversion, I must still  
Provide new Towns to Sack, new Foes to Kill.

Excuse that Pow'r, which by my Slaves is aw'd:

For I shall find my peace

Destroy'd at home, unless

I seek for them destructive Warr abroad.

[ *Exit.*

Enter *Roxolana, Haly, Pirrhus,*  
*Mustapha, Rustan, Pages,*  
*VVomen.*

*Roxol.* Th' Ambassadors of *Persia*, are they come?

*Haly.* They seek your Favour and attend their Doom.

*Roxol.* The Vizier Bashaw, did you bid him wait?

*Haly.* *Sultana*, he does here expect his Fate.

*Roxol.* You take up all our *Sultans* bosome now;  
Have we no place, but that which you allow?

*Rust.* Your Beautious greatness does your ear incline  
To Rumors of those crimes which are not mine.

My Foes are prosp'rous in their diligence,  
And turn ev'n my submission to offence.

*Roxol.* *Rustan*, your Glories rise, and swell too fast.

You



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

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You must shrink back, and shall repent your haste.

*Must.* Th' *Egyptian* presents, which you pleas'd t' assign  
As a Reward to th' Eunuch *Salladine*,  
Are part of those allotments *Haly* had.

*Roxol.* Let a Division be to *Haly* made.

*Pirrhus.* Th' *Armenian* Cities have their Tribute paid,  
And all the *Georgian* Princes sue for ay'd.

*Roxol.* Those Cities, *Mustapha*, deserve our care.

*Pirrhus*, send succours to the *Georgian* Warr.

*Must.* Th' Ambassador which did the Jewels bring  
From the *Hungarian* Queen, does Audience crave.

*Roxol.* *Pirrhus*, be tender of her Infant King.  
Who dares Destroy that Throne which I would save?

*Rust.* *Sultana*, humbly at your feet I fall,  
Do not your *Sultan's* will, my Counsel call.

*Roxol.* *Rustan*! Go mourn! But you may long repent:  
My busie Pow'r wants leisure to relent.

*Rust.* Think me not wicked, till I doubt to find  
Some small compassion in so great a mind.

*Roxol.* These are Court-Monsters, Corm'rants of the Crown:  
They feed on Favour till th' are over-grown;  
Then sawcily believe, we Monarchs Wives

Were made but to be Dress'd

For a Continu'd Feast;

To hear soft Sounds, and play away our Lives.

They think our Fullness is to wain so soon

As if our Sexes Governess, the Moon,

Had plac'd us, but for Sport on Fortunes lapp;

They with bold Pencils, by the changing shape

Of our frail Beauty, have our Fortune drawn;

And judge our Breasts transparent as our Lawn;

Our hearts as loose, and soft, and slight

As are our Summer vests of Silk;

Our brains, like to our Feathers light,

Our blood, as sweet as is our Milk:

And think, when Fav'rites rise, we are to fall

Meekly as Doves, whose Livers have no Gall.

But

But they shall find, I'm no *European* Queen,  
 Who in a Throne does sit but to be seen ;  
 And Lives in Peace with such State-Thieves as these  
 Who Robb us of our business for our ease.

[ *Exeunt omnes.*

---

*The Scene continues.*

## The Third Act.

Enter *Solyman, Mustapha, Pirrhbus,*  
*Rustan.*

*Must.* **M**Ajestick *Sultan* ! at your feet we fall :  
 Our Duty 'tis and just  
 To say, you have encompass'd us with all  
 That we can private trust  
 Or publique Honours call:

*Pirrh.* In Fields our weak retiring Age you grace  
 With forward action ; and in Court,  
 Where all your mighty Chiefs resort,  
 Even they to us, as Kings to them, give place.

*Rust.* The Cords by which we are oblig'd are strong.

*Soly.* You all have Loyal been, and Loyal long,  
 To shew I this retain in full belief,  
 I'll doubly trust you, with my shame, and grief.

A grief which takes up all my Breast :  
 Yet finds the Room so narrow too

That



That being straightned there it takes no rest,  
But must get out to trouble you.

That grief begets a shame which would disgrace  
My pow'r if it were publisht in my face.

*Must.* Your outward calm does well  
Your inward storm disguise.

*Rust.* But long dead calms fore-tell  
That tempests are to rise.

*Soly.* My *Roxolana*, by ambitious strife,  
To get unjust Succession for her Son,  
Has put in doubt  
Or blotted out

All the Heroique story of my Life;  
And will lose back the Battails I have wonn.

*Pirrh.* E're ill advice shall lead her far shee'l skorn  
Her Guide, and, faster than she went, return.

*Must.* Those who advis'd her ill, in that did do  
Much more than we dare hear except from you.

*Soly.* O *Mustapha*! is it too much for me  
To think, I justly may possessor be  
Of one soft Bosom, where releas'd from care,  
I should securely rest from toils of Warr?  
But now, when daily tir'd with watchfull Life,  
( With various turns in doubtfull Fight,  
And length of talking Councils ) I at night  
In vain seek Sleep with a tempestuous Wife.  
Wink at my shame, that I, whose Banners brave  
The world, should thus to Beauty be a Slave.

*Pirrh.* This Cloud will quickly pass  
From *Roxolana*'s face.

*Must.* The weather then will change from foul to fair.

*Rust.* Tempests are short, and serve to clear the Air.

*Soly.* Since I have told my Sicknes, it is fit  
You hear what Cure I have prescrib'd to it.  
Those Lovers Knots I cannot strait untwine,  
Which, sure, were made to last  
Since they were once ty'd fast

With

With strings of *Roxolana's* heart and mine.

*Must.* How can she vast Possession more improve?  
Has she not all in having all your Love?

*Soly.* I have design'd a way to check her Pride.

It is not yet forgot,

That even the Gordian Knot

At last was cut, which could not be unty'd.

Does not the fair *Ianthe* wait

Without, in hope to mitigate,

By soft'ning Looks, the *Rhodians* fate?

Let that new Moon appear,

And try her Influence here.

[ *Exit Mustapha.*

*Pirr.* What Lab'rynth does our *Sultan* mean to tread?  
Shall straying Love the Worlds great Leader lead?

Enter *Mustapha, Ianthe.*

*Soly.* When warlick Cities (fair Embassadrefs)  
Begin to treat, they cover their distress.

In shewing you, the Artfull *Rhodians* know

They hide distress and all their triumphs show.

From with'ring *Rhodes* you fresher Beauty bring,

And sweeter than the bosom of the Spring.

*Iant.* Cities (propitious *Sultan*) when they treat,  
Conceal their wants, and strength may counterfeit:

But sure the *Rhodians* would not get esteem,

By ought pretended in my self or them.

If I could any Beauty wear

Where *Roxolana* fills the Sphear,

Yet I bring griefs to cloud it here.

*Soly.* Your *Rhodes* has hung a Flagg of Treaty out.

*Iant.* You can as little then my sorrows doubt

As I can fear that any humble grief

May sue to *Solyman* and want relief.

*Soly.* You oft the proffer'd Freedome did refuse,  
Which now you seek, and would have others use.



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

25

*Iant.* I then did make my want of merit known ;  
And thought that gift too much for me alone ;

And as 'twas fit  
To reckon it  
More favour than *Ianthe* should receive ;

So it did then appear  
That single favours were  
Too little for great *Solyman* to give.

*Soly.* Much is to every Beauty due :  
Then how much more to all  
Those divers forms we Beauty call ;  
And all are reconcil'd in you ?

But those who here for Peace by Treaty look  
Must meet with that which Beauty least can brook ;  
Delay of Court, which makes the Blood so cold  
That youngest Agents here look Pale and Old.  
Here you must tedious forms of Pow'r obey. -----  
Your bus'ness will all Night require your stay.

*Iant.* Bus'ness, abroad at Night ? sure bus'ness then  
Only becomes the confidence of Men.

Those who the greatest Wand'rers are,  
Wild Birds, that in the day  
Frequent no certain way,  
And know no limits in the Air ,  
Will still at Night discreetly come  
And take their civil rest at home.

*Soly.* Is the protection of my pow'r so flight,  
That in my Camp you are affraid of Night ?

*Iant.* Stay in the Camp at Night, and *Rhodes* so near,  
Honour my guide, and griev'd *Alphonso* there ?

*Soly.* Treaties are long, my *Bassas* old and flow :  
With whom you must debate before you go.  
Let not your cause by any absence fail.  
Your beautious presence may on Age prevail.

*Iant.* Alas, I came not to capitulate ,  
And shew a love of Speech by long debate :  
But to implore from *Solyman* what he

[ *She kneels.*

E

To

# The Siege of RHODES.

To *Rhodes* may quickly grant,  
And never feel a want  
Of that which by dispatch would doubled be.

*Soly.* *Ianthe* rise! your grief may pitty move;  
But gracefull grief,  
Whilst it does seek relief

May pitty lead to dang'rous ways of Love.

*Iant.* Why Heav'n, was I mistaken when I thought  
That I the coursest shape had brought  
And the most wither'd too that sorrow wears?

*Soly.* If you would wither'd seem restrain your Tears.  
The morning Dew makes *Roses* blow  
And sweter smell and fresher show.

Take heed, *Ianthe*, you may be too blame.  
Did you not trust me when you hither came?  
Will you my honour now too late suspect,  
When only that can yours protect?

*Iant.* If of your virtue my extreme belief  
May virtuous favour gain,  
My tears I will restrain.

It is my faith shall save me not my grief.

*Soly.* Conduct her strait to *Roxolana's* Tent:  
And tell my haughty Empress I have sent  
Such a mylterious Present as will prove  
A Riddle both to Honour and to Love.

[ *Exeunt several ways.* ]

The Scene returns to that of the  
Town Besieg'd.

Enter *Admiral*.

*Adm.* Dwells not *Alphorso* in *Ianthes* Breast;  
As Prince of that fair Palace, not a Guest?

Can.



Can it be virtue in a *Rhodian* Knight  
To seek possession of anothers right ?  
Yet how can I his Title there destroy  
By loving that which he may still enjoy ?  
My passion will no less than virtue prove  
Whilst it does much *Ianthes* virtue love.  
If in her absence I her safety fear ,  
Tis virtuous kindness then to wish her here.

But of her dangers I in vain  
Shall with my watchfull fears complain  
Till he grow fearfull too, whose fears must be  
Rais'd to the Husbands virtue, Jealousie. -----

*Enter Villerius, Marshal.*

*Vill.* Does he not seem  
As if in Dream ,  
His course by storm were on the Ocean lost ?  
*Mar.* He now draws Cards to shun a rocky Coast.  
*Adm.* The foolish world does Jealousie mistake :  
'Tis civil care, which kindness does improve.

Perhaps the Jealous are too much awake ;  
But others dully sleep o're those they love.  
He must be jealous made, for that kind fear ,  
When known, will quickly bring and stay her here.

*Vill.* What can thy silence now portend,  
When the assembled People send  
Their thankfulness to Heav'n in one loud Voice ?  
The hungry, wounded, and the sick rejoyce.

*Mar.* Our Quires in long procession sing ,  
The Bells of all our Temples ring,  
Our Enemies  
Begin to rise ,  
And from our Walls are to their Camp retir'd  
To see *Ianthe* there in triumph shown.

Their Canon in a loud Salute are fir'd,  
 And eccho'd too by louder of our own.  
 Who is so dully bred,  
 Or rather who so dead  
 Whom fair *Ianthes* triumph cannot move?  
 From th' Oceans bosom it will call,  
 A sinking *Admiral*  
 Who flies to stormy Seas from storms of Love.

Enter *Alphonso*.

*Alph.* Our Foes ( great Master ) wear the looks of friends.  
 A *Zanjack* from the Camp attends  
 Behind the out-let of the Peer;  
 And he demands your private ear. [ *Exit Villerius.*

*Adm.* Would you had met *Ianthe* there.

*Alph.* Since well receiv'd, you wish her here too soon.

The morning led her out

And we may doubt

How her dispatch could bring her back e're Noon.

*Adm.* Her high reception was but justly due;

Who with such noble confidence,

Could with her Sexes fears dispence,

And trusting *Solyman* could part from you.

*Alph.* By that we may discern her rising mind.

O're all the Pinnacles of Female kind.

*Adm.* Strangely she shun'd what Custom does afford,  
 The pledges of his Pass and plighted word.

*Alph.* Not knowing guilt, she knows no fear,  
 And still must strange in all appear,  
 As well as singular in this;

The Crowd of Common gazers fill

Their eyes with objects low and ill,

But she a high and good Example is.

Enter

Th

E

*Ianthes*  
 I have  
*Mustapha*  
 brought me  
 must a while  
 may the haug  
 whom she no  
 does remain  
 In Turk  
 many summ  
 in a *Rhodian*  
 war a Debt  
 To night  
 Time is swift  
 lovers night  
 dispatch t  
 The qu  
 in Death  
 Rhodes  
 to be div  
 A singl  
 I not sure  
 She mu  
 thinks I grow  
 rather wish  
 that *Ianthes*  
 Your w  
 whilst the  
 pow'r shou  
 She'l wa  
 Unless f



*Enter Villerius, Marshal.*

*Mar.* *Ianthes* Lawrels hourly will increase !

*Vill.* I have receiv'd some secret signs of peace  
From *Mustapha*, whose trusted Messenger  
Has brought me counsel how to counsel her.  
She must a while make such appliances  
As may the haughty *Roxolana* please,  
To whom she now by *Solyman* is sent,  
And does remain our Lieger in her Tent.

*Adm.* In *Turkish* Dialect, that word, remain,  
May many summs of tedious hours contain :  
And in a *Rhodian* Lovers swift accompt,  
To what a Debt will that sad reck'ning mount ?

*Vill.* To night, *Alphonso*, you must sleep alone.  
But Time is swift, a night is quickly gone.  
For Lovers nights are like their slumbers, short. -----  
I must dispatch this *Zanjack* to the Court.

*Alph.* The quiet Bed of Lovers is the Grave ;  
For we in Death, no sence of absence have.

*Exeunt Villerius, Marshal.*

*Adm.* *Rhodes* in her view, her Tent within your sight !  
And yet to be divided a whole Night !

*Alph.* A single night would many ages seem,  
Were I not sure that we shall meet in Dream.

*Adm.* She must no more such dang'rous Visits make,  
Me-thinks I grow malicious for your sake,  
And rather wish *Rhodes* should of freedome fail,  
Than that *Ianthes* power should now prevail.

*Alph.* Your words mysterious grow.

*Adm.* *Alphonso*, no.  
For if whilst thus you for her absence mourn  
Her pow'r should much appear,  
She'l want excuse,  
Unless she use

A little of that power, for her Return  
To day, and nightly resting here.

*Alph.* The hardned Steel of *Solyman* is such,  
As with the Edge does all the World command,  
And yet that Edge is softned with the touch  
Of *Roxolana's* gentle hand.  
And as his hardness yields, when she is near,  
So may *Ianthes* softness govern her.

*Adm.* The day sufficient seems for all address,  
And is at Court the season of access;  
Deprive not *Roxolana* of her right;  
Let th' Empress lye with *Solyman* at night.  
And as that privilege to her is due,  
So should *Ianthe* sleep at *Rhodes* with you.

*Alph.* I'll write! The *Zanjack* for my Letter stays;  
Love walks his round, and leads me in a Maze.

[Exit.]

*Adm.* Love does *Alphonso* in a Circle lead;  
And none can trace the wayes which I must tread.  
Lovers, in searching Loves Records, will find

But very few like me,  
That still would Virtuous be,  
Whilst to anothers Wife I still am kind.  
And whilst that Wife I like a Lover woo,  
I use all art

That from her Husband she may never part,  
And yet even then would make him Jealous too.

[Exit.]

The Scene returns to that of the  
Camp.

Enter *Roxolana, Haly.*

*Roxol.* Think, *Haly*, think, what I should swiftly do?  
A *Rhodian* Lady, and a Beauty too,

In



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

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In my Pavilion lodg'd? It serves to prove  
His settled hatred and his wandring Love.  
Who did he send to plant this Canker here?

*Haly.* Old Bassa *Mustapha*.

*Roxol.* Bid him appear.

[*Exit Haly.*

Hope, thou grow'st weak, and thou hast been too strong.  
Like Night, thou com'st too soon, and stay'st too long.  
Hence! smiling Hope! with growing Infants play:

If I dismiss thee not, I know

Thou of thy self wilt go,

And canst no longer than my Beauty stay.

I'll open all the Doors to let thee out:

And then call in thy next Successor, Doubt.

Come Doubt, and bring thy lean Companion, Care.

And, when you both are lodg'd, bring in Despair.

*Enter Mustapha, Haly.*

*Must.* Our op'ning Buds, and falling Blossoms, all

That we can fresh and fragrant call,

That Spring can promise, and the Summer pay,

Be strew'd in *Roxolana's* way.

On Natures fairest Carpets let her tread;

And there, through Calms of peace, long may she lead

That Pow'r which we have follow'd farr,

And painfully, through storms of Warr.

*Roxol.* Blessings are cheap, and those you can afford:

Yet you are kinder than your frowning Lord.

I dare accuse him; but it is too late. -----

[*weeps.*

What means that pretty property of State,

Which is from *Rhodes* for Midnight Treaties sent?

Private Caballs of Lovers in my Tent?

Your Valour, *Mustapha*, serv'd to convey

Loves fresh supplies. You Souldiers can make way.

Was it not greatly done to bring her here?

*Must.* Duty in that did over-rule my fear.

*It.*

It was the Mighty *Solymans* command.

*Roxol.* Thou fatal Fool ! how canst thou think

To find a Basis where thou firm mayest stand

On those rough Waters where I sink ?

*Must.* If *Roxolana* were not rank'd above

Mankind, the strait would fall

Before that Pow'r which all

The valiant follow, and the virtuous love.

*Roxol.* I grow immortal ; for I Life disdain :

Which ill with thy dislike of Dying suits.

Yet thou, for safety, fear'st great pow'r in vain ;

Who here, art but a Subject to my Mutes. -----

### *Mustapha* Draws a Parchment.

*Must.* Peruse the dreaded Will of anger'd Pow'r ;

Tought with the Signet of the Emperour :

It does enjoyn *Ianthes* safety here :

She must be sought with Love, and serv'd with Fear.

This disobey'd ; your Mutes, who still make haste

To cruelty, may rest for want of breath.

Tis order'd they shall suddenly be past

Their making signs, and shall be dumb with Death.

This dreadfull Doom from *Solyman* I give.

But if his will, which is our Law,

Be met with an obedient awe,

The Empress then may long in triumph Live.

[ *She weeps.*

*Roxol.* Begon ! thy Duty is officious fear.

If I am soft enough to grieve,

It is to see the *Sultan* leave

The Warring World, and end his Conquests here. -----

Crawl to my *Sultan* still, officious grow !

Ebb with his love, and with his anger flow.

[ *Exit Mustapha.*

*Haly.* Preserve with temper your Imperial mind ;

And, till you can express

Your



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

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Your wrath with good success,  
By angring others to your self be kind. -----

*Roxol.* If thou canst weep, thou canst endure to bleed :

Men who Compassion feel have Valour too :  
I shall thy Courage more than Pitty need :

Dar'st thou contrive as much as I dare do ?

*Haly.* I'll on, as far as weary Life can go.

*Roxol.* Then I shall want no aid to my design :  
Wee'll digg below them, and blow up their Mine.

[ *Exeunt.*

---

The Scene returns to that of the  
Town Beleaguer'd.

## The Fourth Act.

Enter *Solyman, Mustapha, Rustan.*

*Soly.* **C**An *Roxolana* such a Rival bear ?

*Must.* She has her fits of courage and of fear.  
As she does high against your anger grow,  
So, trusting strait your Love, she stoops as low.

*Soly.* Her Chamber-Tempests I have known too well :  
She quickly can with winds of passion swell ;  
And then as quickly has the Womans pow'r  
Of laying Tempests with a weeping shower.  
What looks does the detain'd *Ianthe* shew ?

*Must.* She still is calm in all her fears,

F

And

# The Siege of RHODES.

*Rust.* And seems so Lovely in her Tears  
As when the Mornings face is washt in Dew.

## Enter Pirrhbus.

*Pirrh.* The world salutes you *Sultan*! Ev'ry Pow'r  
Does shrink before your Throne; and ev'ry how'r  
A flying Packet or an Agent brings  
From *Asia*, *Afrique*, and *European* Kings. -----

*Soly.* With Packets to old *Zanger* go;  
Who, free'd from action, can with sleep dispence;  
And having little now to do,  
May read dull Volumes of Intelligence.  
These Writing-Princes covet to seem wise  
In Packets, and by formal Embassies:  
They would with Symphonies of civil words  
(Sweet sounds of Court) charm rudeness from our Swords:  
Teach us to lay our Gauntlets by,  
That they unarm'd, and harmlessly,  
From farthest Realms, by *Proxy*, might shake hands;  
And, offering useless friendship, save their Lands.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

## Enter Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal.

*Adm.* He came disguis'd, who brought your Letter here,  
And sought such privacy as argu'd fear.

*Mar.* But (Sov'rain Master) yours did seem to be  
Convey'd by one less pain'd with Secresie;  
Who does for answer stay.

*Vill.* Mine came from *Mustapha*.  
It would import a promising increase  
Of our Conditions by approaching peace.

But



# The Siege of RHODES.

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But does request us to consent  
That fair *Ianthe* may yet longer stay  
In pow'rfull *Roxolana's* Tent;  
And that request we understand  
As a command

Which, though we would not grant, we must obey.

*Alph.* Mine by a Christian Slave was brought;  
Who from the E'unuch *Bassa, Haly*, came;  
And was by *Roxolana* wrote:  
See the *Sultana's* Signet and her Name.  
She writes --- but oh! why have I breath  
To tell, how much 'tis worse than Death  
Not to be Dead

Ere I agen this Letter read?

*Adm.* Oh my prophetick fear!

*Alph.* She writes, that if I hold my honour dear;  
Or if *Ianthe* does that honour prize,  
I should with all the art  
Of love, confirm her heart,

And strait from *Solyman* divert her Eyes.

*Adm.* Who knows what end this dire beginning bodes?

*Alph.* And here she likewise says,  
He to *Ianthe* lays

A closer Siege than ere he did to *Rhodes*.

*Adm.* *Ianthe*, I will still my Love pursue;

[ *Aside.* ]

Be kind to thee, and to *Alphonso* true:

But Loves small policies Great Honour now

Will hardly to my Rival-ship allow:

Those little Arts, bold Duke, I must lay by

And urge thy Courage more than Jealousie.

*Vill.* Where is thy honour now, fam'd Eastern Lord?

*Adm.* Why sought we not his Passport or his Word?

*Alph.* How durst *Ianthe* have so little fear

As to believe

That in the Camp she could receive  
Freedome from him who did besiege her here?

*Adm.* Whilst in her own dispose she here remain'd

I of the brav'ry of her trust complain'd :  
Her gen'rous faith too meanly was deceiv'd ,  
And must not be upbraided but reliev'd.

*Vill.* To rescue *Rhodes* she did her self forsake ;  
And *Rhodes* shall nobly pay that virtue back.

*Alph.* Great Master ! what shall poor *Alphonso* do ?  
Since all he has *Ianthe's* is ;

And now in this

Must owe *Ianthe* and her fame to you.

*Vill.* If any virtue can in Valour be :

*Adm.* Or any Valour in a *Rhodian* Knight :

*Alph.* Or any Lover can have Loyalty.

*Vill.* Or any Warriour can in Love delight.

*Mar.* If absence makes not mighty Love grow less.

*Adm.* Or gentle Lovers can compassion feel.

*Alph.* If Loyal Beauty, when in deep distress ,  
Can melt our hearts, and harden all our Steel.

*Vill.* Then let us here in sacred Vows combine.

My Vow is seal'd -----

[ *They joyn their Swords.*

*Adm.* And mine. -----

*Mar.* And mine. -----

*Alph.* And trebly mine. -----

*Vill.* Behold us, Fame, then stay thy flight ,  
And hover o're our Towers to Night.

Fresh wings together with the Morning take ;

As early as afflicted Lovers wake.

Then Tell the World that we have joyn'd our Swords ;

But 'tis for griev'd *Ianthe*, not for *Rhodes*.

*Alph.* Now we shall prosper, who were weary grown .

In *Rhodes*, and never could successfull prove

When Empire led us forth to seek Renown ,

For honour should no Leader have but Love.

[ *Exeunt omnes.*

*The*



*The Scene is Chang'd.*

Being wholly fill'd with *Roxolana's* Rich  
Pavilion, Wherein is discern'd at di-  
stance, *Ianthe* sleeping on a Couch ;  
*Roxolana* at one End of it, and *Haly* at  
the other ; Guards of Eunuchs are  
Discover'd at the wings of the Pavi-  
lion ; *Roxolana* having a *Turkish* Em-  
broidered Handkerchief in her left  
hand, And a naked Ponyard in her  
right.

*Roxol.* **T**Hou dost from beauty *Solyman*,  
As much refrain as nature can ;  
Who, making Beauty, meant it should be lov'd.  
But how can I my Station keep  
Till thou, *Ianthe*, art by Death remov'd ?  
To Dye, when thou art young,  
Is but too soon to fall asleep  
And lye asleep too long.

*Haly.* Your Dreadfull will what power can here Command.  
But pitty ? Oh let pitty stay your hand ! -----

*Roxol.* *Sultan*, I will not weep, because my tears  
Cannot suffice to Quench thy loves false flame :  
Nor will I to a paleness bleed,  
To show my loves true fears,  
Because I rather need  
More blood to help to blush away thy shame.

How.

*Haly.* How far are all his former Virtues gone ?  
Turn back the progress of forgetfull Time :  
The many Favours by your *Sultan* done  
Should now excuse him for one purpos'd crime.

*Roxol.* *Haly*, Consult ! Can I do ill  
If many foul adult'ries I prevent ,  
When I but one Fair Mistress kill ?

*Haly.* Be not too early here with Punishment.  
Your *Sultan* now  
Does only show  
The grudgings of a Lovers feavrish fit.

You find his inclinations strange,  
But, being new, they soon may change ;  
And they have reacht but to intention yet.

*Roxol.* Long before deeds Heav'n calls intention sin.  
Tis good to end what he would ill begin.

*Haly.* Do not relinquish yet your first design.  
Before you darken all her Light  
Examine, by your judging Sight ,  
If in your Sphear she can unblemisht shine.  
You ment to prove her Virtue and first try  
How well she here could as a Rival live ,  
E're as a judg'd Adultress she should Dye :  
In pard'ning her you *Solyman* forgive.

And can you add to your lov'd greatness more  
When able to forgive the greatest pow'r ?

*Roxol.* Tell me agen *Alphorso's* short reply  
When I by letter wak'd his Jealousie ;  
And counsel'd him to write and to advise  
His wife to lock her Breast, and shut her Eyes ?

*Haly.* With silence first he did his sorrows bear ;  
Then anger rais'd him, till he fell with fear :  
At last, said she was now past Counsel grown ;  
Or else could take no better than her own.

*Roxol.* His thoughts a double Vizard wear,  
And only lead me to suspence,  
It seems he does her dangers fear ,

And



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

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And fain would trust her innocence.  
Wake her ! I will pursue my first design. ----

*Haly.* I go to draw the Curtain of a shrine. ----  
Awake ! Behold the pow'rfull Empress here.

} *Ianthe rises and walks at distance*  
} *from Roxolana.*

*Iant.* Heav'n has the greatest pow'r ;  
Heav'n seeks our love, and kindly comforts fear.  
This is my fatal how'r.

*Roxol.* Though beautiful when she slept  
Yet now would I had kept  
Her safely sleeping still.  
She, waking, turns my Envy into shame ;  
And does it so reclaim

That I am Conquer'd who came here to kill.

*Iant.* What dangers should I fear ?  
Her brow grows smooth and clear :  
Yet so much greatness cannot want disguise.  
The Great live all within ;  
And are but seldom seen

Looking abroad through Casements of their Eyes.

*Roxol.* Have courage fair *Sicilian*, and come near. ---

*Iant.* My distance shews my Duty more than fear.

*Roxol.* I have a Present for you, and 'tis such  
As comes from one who does believe  
It is for you too little to receive ;

And I, perhaps, may think it is too much.

*Iant.* Who dares be bountifull to low distress ?  
Who to *Ianthe* can a Present make  
When *Rhodes* besieg'd has all she would possess ;  
And all the world does ruin'd *Rhodes* forsake ?

*Roxol.* The Present will not make the Giver poor ;  
And, though 'tis single now, it quickly can  
Be multipli'd ; you shall have many more.

It is this kiss ----- It comes from *Solyman*.

*Iant.* You did your Creature courage give ;  
And made me hope that I had leave to live

When

When you from dutious distance call'd me near :

But now I soon shall courage lack :

I am amaz'd, and must go back :

Amazement is the uggli'st shape of fear.

*Roxol.* Are Christian Ladies so reserv'd and shy ?

*Iant.* Our sacred Law does give  
Them precepts how to live ,

And Nature tells them they must Dye.

*Roxol.* Tis well they to their Husbands are so true.

But speak, *Ianthe*, are they all like you ?

*Iant.* I hope they are, and better too,  
Or, if they are not, will be so.

*Roxol.* They have been strangely injur'd then.  
But Rumour does mistake.

Some say they visits make ;

And they are visited by Men.

*Iant.* What custom does avow  
Our Laws in Time allow ;

And those who never guilty be  
Suspect not others liberty.

*Roxol.* This would in *Asia* wonderfull appear :  
But Time may introduce that Fashion here.

Come nearer ! Is your Husband kind and true ?

*Iant.* If good to good I may compare  
( Excepting Greatness ) I would dare

To say, he is as *Solyman* to you.

*Roxol.* As he to me ? How strong is innocence ?  
Prevailing till tis free to give offence.

Indeed, *Alphonso*, has a large renown ;  
Which does so daily spread

As it the world may lead ;

And should not be contracted in a Town.

*Iant.* As we in all agree  
So he will prove like me

A lowly servant to your rising Fame.

*Roxol.* But is he kind to you, and free from blame ?  
Civil by day, and loyal too at Night ?



# The Siege of RHODES.

41

*Iant.* By Nature not by skill  
He is as cheerfull still

And as unblemisht as unshaded light.

*Roxol.* These Christian-Turtles live too happily.

I wish, for breed, they would to *Asia* fly. -----

You must not at such distance stand ;

Draw near, and give me your fair hand. -----

I have another Present for you now ;

And such a Present as I know

You will much better than the first allow ;

Though *Solyman* will not esteem it so.

Tis from my self ----- of friendship such a Seal -----

[ *Kisses her.*

As you to *Solyman* must ne'r reveal. -----

And that I may be more assur'd ,

By this agen you are conjur'd. -----

*Iant.* Presents so good and great as these  
I should receive upon my knees.

*Roxol.* I will not, lest I may revive your fear ,

Relate the cause of your confinement here.

But know, I must

Your virtue trust ;

Which, proving loyal, you are safe in mine.

*Iant.* The light of Angels still about you shine !

*Haly.* The dang'rous secrets of th' Imperial Bed

Are darker than the riddles of the Throne.

} *Haly takes*  
} *Ianthe aside.*

The Glafs, in which their Characters are read

We Eunuchs grin'd, and tis but seldome shown.

*Iant.* I shall with close and wary Eyes

Retire from all your Mysteries.

And when occasion shall my honour trust ,

You'll find I have some courage, and am just.

*Roxol.* Perhaps, *Ianthe*, you may shortly hear

Of Clouds, which threatning me, may urge your fear.

Be virtuous still ! tis true my *Sultan* frowns, -----

[ *She weeps.*

But, let him winn more Battails, take more Towns ;

And be all day the fore-most in the Fight ;

Yet he shall find thar I will rule at Night.

[ *Haly looks in.*

The

# The Siege of RHODES.

*Haly.* The Guards increase, and many Mutes appear,  
Lifting their Lights, to shew the *Sultan* near.

*Roxol.* My new seal'd friendship I must now lay by  
A while, and seem your jealous Enemy.  
Be to your self, and to *Alphonso* true.

*Iant.* As he to me, and virtue is to you. [ *Ianthe* steps at distance.

## Enter Solymán.

*Soly.* Has Night lost all her dark dominion here?  
High hopes disturb your sleep;

But I suspect you keep

*Ianthe* waking not with hope but fear.

*Roxol.* Too well, and much too soon I know  
Whom you are pleas'd to grace:

However, since it must be so,

You'll find I can give place.

*Soly.* You had a place, too near me, and too high.  
If but a little you remove

From place of Empire or of love

You soon become but as a stander-by.

One step descending from a shining Throne;

You to the darkest depth fall swiftly down.

*Roxol.* If I sat nearer to you than 'twas fit

For Empires Heralds to admit,

(I being born below, and you above)

Pray call in Death, and I'll, even then, bring Love.

To these all places equal be;

For Love and Death know no degree.

*Soly.* I cannot Passions riddles understand.

*Roxol.* You still have present Death at your Command;

But former Love you have laid by:

Which, being gone, you know that I can Dye. -----

[ *weeps.*

*Soly.* I better know that you have cause to weep.

[ *Turns to Ianthe.*

*Ianthe,* all is calm within your Breast,

Retire



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

43

Retire into the quiet shade of sleep,  
And let not watchfull fear divert your rest.  
Let all the Nations of my Camp suffice,  
As Guards, to keep you from my Enemies;

(For of your own  
You can have none)

Whilst I but as Loves Sent'nel on you wait,  
Arm'd with his Bow, at your Pavilion Gate.

*Iant.* Heav'n put it in your mighty mind  
Quickly to be,

More than to me,

To all the Valiant *Rhodians* kind.

And may you grieve to think how many mourn  
Till you shall end their griefs at my return.

*Soly.* You shall not Languish with delay.

But this is bus'ness for the day.

Tis now so late at Night that all Loves spies,

Parents, and Husbands too,

The watchfull, and the Watcht seal up their Eyes;

And Lovers cease to woo,

[*Exeunt Haly, Ianthe.*]

*Roxol.* You alter ev'ry year the Worlds known face;

Whilst Cities you remove, and Nations chace.

These great mutations (which, with shril

And ceaseless sounds, Fame's Trumpet fill,

And shall seem wonders in her brazen Books)

Much less amaze me than your alter'd looks;

Where I can read your Loves more fatal change.

*Soly.* You make my frowns, yet seem to think them strange.

*Roxol.* You seek a Stranger, and abandon me.

*Soly.* Strange Coasts are welcome after Storms at Sea.

*Roxol.* That various mind will wander very farr,

Which, more than home, a forein Land prefers.

*Soly.* The wife, for quietness, when civil Warr

Does rage at home, turn private Travailers.

*Roxol.* Your loves long frost has made my bosom cold.

*Soly.* Let not the cause be in your Story told.

*Roxol.* A colder heart Death's hand has never felt:

But tis such Ice as you may break, or melt. -----

[ *She weeps.*

*Soly.*

I never shall complain

When you are wet with Rain;

Which softer passion, does thus gently powr.

What more in Season is than such a shower?

You still, through little Clouds, would lovely show;

Were all your *April*-weather calm as now.

But *March* resembles more your haughty Mind;

Froward and loud oftner than calmly kind.

Weather which may not inconvenient prove

To Country Lovers, born but to make love:

Who grieve not when they mutual kindness doubt;

But with indiff'rence meet a frown or smile;

As having frequent leisure to fall out,

And their divided breasts to reconcile.

*Roxel.* The world had less sad bus'ness known, if you  
Had been ordain'd for so much leisure too.

*Soly.* Monarchs, who onward still with Conquest move,  
Can only for their short diversion love.

When a black Cloud in Beauties sky appears,

They cannot wait till Time the Tempest clears.

Whilst they, to save a sullen Mistress, stay;

The worlds Dominion may be cast away.

*Roxel.*

Why is Dominion priz'd above

Wife Natures great concernment, Love?

*Soly.* Of Heav'n what have we found, which we do more  
And sooner, than exceeding Pow'r adore?

The wond'rous things which that Chief Pow'r has done,

Are to those early Spies, our Senses, shown:

And must at length to Reason be assur'd:

Yet how, or what, Heav'n loves is much obscur'd.

And our uncertain love

( Perhaps not bred above,

But in low Regions, like the wand'ring winds )

Shews diff'rent Sexes more than equal Minds.

*Roxel.*

Your love, indeed, is prone to change,

And like the wandring Wind does range.

The



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

45

The gale awhile tow'rd *Cyprus* blew ;  
It turn'd to *Creet*, and stronger grew ;  
Then, on the *Lycian* shore, it favour'd me :  
But now, *Ianthe* seeks in *Sicily*.

*Soly.* In progresses of Warr and Love  
Victors with equal haste must move :

And in attempts of either make no stay :  
They can but Visit, Conquer, and away.

*Roxol.* Love's most Victorious and most cruel Foe !  
For sake me, and to meaner Conquests go !  
To Warrs, where you may Sack and Over-run ,  
Till your Success has all the World undone.  
Advance those Trophies which you ought to hide ;  
For wherefore are they rais'd .

But to have slaughter prais'd ,  
And courage, which is but applauded pride ?

*Soly.* In so much Rain I knew a Gust would come :  
I'll shun the rising Storm and give it room.

*Roxol.* Loves Foes are ever hasty in Retreat ;  
You can march off ; but 'tis for fear  
Lest you should hear

Those Mournings which your cruelties beget.

*Soly.* The fear is wise which you upbray'd ;  
For, whilst thus terrible you grow ;  
I must confess, I am affraid ,  
And not asham'd of being so.

*Roxol.* Go where you cover greater fear  
Than that which you dissemble here :  
Where you breed ill your mis-begotten Fame ,  
When charging Armies and assaulting Towns ,  
You ravish Nations with as little shame

As now you shew in your injurious frowns.

*Soly.* If we grow fearfull at the face of Warr ,  
You, justly, may our terror blame,  
Since, by your darings, we might learn to dare.  
Would you as well could teach us shame.

*Roxol.* Your fears appear, even in your darings, great ;

You

You would not else sound cheerfull Trumpets when  
 The charge begins, whilst Drumms with Clamour beat,  
 To raise the courage of your mighty Men.  
 With Warrs loud Musick shows are mingled too ;  
 Which boastingly such cruel deeds proclaim  
 As Beasts, through thickest Furrs, would blush to do.  
 Your wives may breed up Wolves to teach you shame.

*Soly.* Tis not still dang'rous when you angry grow :  
 For, *Roxolana*, you can anger show  
 To those whom you, perhaps, can never hate.  
 This passion is ; but you have crimes of State.

*Roxol.* Call Nature to be Judge ! what have I done ?

*Soly.* You have a Husband lost to save a Son.

*Roxol.* *Sultan*, that Son is yours as much mine.

*Soly.* He has some lustre got in Fight ;  
 But yet, beyond the dawning light

Of his new glory, *Mustapha* does shine ;  
 Who is the ledge of my Circasian Wife ;  
 And from my blood as great a share of life  
 May challenge as your Son. Has he not worn  
 A Victors Wreath ? He is my Eldest born.

*Roxol.* Because her Son the Empire shall enjoy ,  
 Must therefore strangling Mutes my Sons destroy ?  
 Since Eldest born you may him Empire give :  
 But mine, as well as he were born to Live.  
 They may, as yours, though by a second Wife ,  
 Inherit that which Nature gave them , Life.

*Soly.* Whilst any Life I shew by any breath ,  
 Who dares approach them in the shape of Death ?

*Roxol.* When you to Heav'ns high Palace shall remove,  
 To meet much more compassion there  
 Than you have ever felt, and far more love  
 Than ere your heart requited here ;

Will not your Bassas then presume to do  
 What custom warrants and our Priesthood too ?

*Soly.* Those are the secret Nerves of Empires force.  
 Empire grows often high



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

47

By rules of cruelty,  
But seldome prospers when it feels remorse.

*Roxol.* Accursed Empire! got and bred by Art!

Let Nature govern, or at least

Divide our Mutual interest:

Yield yours to Death, and keep alive my part.

*Soly.* Beauty retire! Thou dost my pitty move!

Believe my pitty, and then trust my love! ----- [ *Exit Roxolana.*

At first I thought her by our Prophet sent

As a reward for Valours toils;

More worth than all my Fathers spoils:

And now, she is become my punishment.

But thou art just, O Pow'r Divine!

With new and painfull Arts

Of study'd Warr I break the Hearts

Of half the World, and she breaks mine.

[ *Exit.*

The

The Scene is chang'd to a Prospect of  
*Rhodes* by night, and the Grand  
Masters Palace on Fire.

## The Fifth Act.

Enter *Solyman, Pirrhbus, Rustan.*

*Soly.* **L**ook *Pirrhbus*, Look! what means that sudden light,  
Which casts a paleness o're the face of Night?  
The Flame shews dreadfull, and ascends still higher?

*Pirrh.* The *Rhodian* Masters Palace is on Fire!

*Rust.* A greater from Saint *Georges* Tower does shine!

*Soly.* Chance it would seem, but does import design!

Enter *Mustapha.*

*Must.* Their Flagg of Treaty they have taken in!

*Soly.* Dare they this ending Warr again begin?

*Pirrh.* They feed their flames to light their forces out!

*Rust.* And now, seem fallying from the *French* Redoubt!

*Must.* Old *Orcan* takes already the Alarm!

*Soly.* Need they make fires to keep their Courage warm?

*Pirrh.* The *English* now advance!

*Soly.* Let them proceed!

Their Cross is bloody, and they come to bleed.

Set all the Turn-pikes open, let them in!

Those Island Gamesters may,

(Who



ODES.  
a Prospect  
the Grand  
Fire.  
Act.  
Rustan.  
that sudden light,  
ce of Night?  
ascends still higher  
n Fire!  
does shine!  
ort design!  
A.  
in!  
in?  
forces our!  
ch Redoubt!  
rage warm?

# *The Siege of* RHODES.

49

( Who Desperately for honour play )  
Behold fair flakes, and try what they can winn.

[ *Exeunt omnes.* ]

Enter *Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral,*  
*Marshal.*

*Vill.* Burn, Palace, burn! Thy flame more beautilous grows  
Whilst higher it ascends.

That now must serve to light us to our Foes  
Which long has lodg'd our Friends.

*Alph.* It serves not only as a light  
To guide us in so black a Night;  
But to our Enemies will terrour give.

*Mar.* Who (seeing we so much destroy,  
What we in triumph did enjoy,  
That now we know not where to Live)  
Will strait conclude that boldly we dare Dye.

*Vill.* And those, who to themselves lov'd life deny,  
Want seldome Pow'r to aid their will  
When they would others kill.

*Adm.* Speak both of killing and of saving too.  
The utmost that our Valour now can do  
Is when, by many Bassas, Pris'ners ta'ne,  
We freedome for distrest *Ianthe* gain.

*Alph.* A Jewel too sufficient to redeem  
Great *Solyman* were-he in Chains with them.

*Vill.* Here spread our Front! Our Rear is all come forth.  
We lead Two Thousand *Rhodian* Knights;  
All skill'd in various Fights:

Fame's Role contains no names of higher worth.

In whispers give command  
To make a stand!

*Adm.* Stand!

*within.* 1 Stand! 2 Stand! 3 Stand!

H

Divide

# The Siege of RHODES.

*Vill.* Divide our Knights, and all their *Martial* Train !

*Alph.* Let me by Storm the *Sultan's* Quarter gain.

*Adm.* My Lot directs my Wing to *Mustapha*.

*Mar.* To *Pirrhus*, o're his Trench, I'll force my way.

*Vill.* Our honour bids us give a brave defeat ;  
Whilst Prudence leaves Reserves for a Retreat.

All Lovers are concern'd in what we do.

Loves Crown depends on you, on you, and you.

Love's Bow is not so fatal as my Sword.

*Alph.* As mine.

*Adm.* And mine.

*Together.* *Ianthe* is the Word.

[ *Exeunt.*

A Symphony expressing a Battail is  
play'd awhile.

Enter *Solyman*.

*Soly.* **M**ore Horse ! more Horse, to shake their Ranks !  
Bid *Orchan* haste to gaul their Flanks.  
Few *Rhodian* Knights, making their several stands,  
Out-strike Assemblies of our many Hands.

Enter *Mustapha*, *Rustan*.

*Must.* *Morat*, and Valiant *Zangiban* are slain.

*Rust.* But *Orchan* does their yielded ground regain.

*Soly.* Our Crescents shine not in the shade of Night.

But now the Crescent of the Sky appears ;  
Our valour rises with her lucky light ;  
And all our Fighters blush away their fears.

Enter



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

51

*Enter Pirrhus.*

*Pirrh.* More Pikes ! and pass the *French* ! fall in ! fall in !  
That we may gain the day e're day begin.

*Soly.* Advance with all our Guards ! This doubtfull strife  
Lefs grieves me than our odds  
Of number against *Rhodes* ;  
By which we honour lose to rescue Life.

[ *Exeunt.*

*A Symphany sounds a Battail again.*

*The Scene Returns to the Town  
Besieg'd.*

*Enter Villerius, Marshal.*

*Vill.* Send back ! send back ! to quench our fatal fire !  
E're Morning does advance we must retire ;  
Justly asham'd to let the days great Light  
Shew what a little we have done to Night.

*Enter Admiral.*

*Adm.* We have been Shipwrackt in a Midnight storm ;  
Who hither came ( Great Master ) to perform  
Such deeds as might have given us cause to boast.

*Mar.* We found the Night too black ,  
And now no use can make  
Of Day but to discern that we are lost.

H 2

Can

*Vill.* Can thy great Courage mention our defeat  
Whilst any Life is left to make retreat?

*Adm.* It is a just rebuke.

*Vill.* Where is the Duke?

*Adm.* Long tir'd with Valour's toils, and in his Breast  
O're charg'd with Lovers griefs, he sought for rest.  
To Fames eternal Temple he is gone.

And I may fear  
Is enter'd there,  
Where Death does keep the narrow Gate,  
And lets in none  
But those whom painfull Honour brings,  
Many, without, in vain for entrance wait,  
With warrants seal'd by mighty Kings.

*Vill.* *Villerius* never yet by *Turkish* Swords  
Was cut so deep as by thy wounding words.  
Is that great Youth, the Prince of Lovers, slain?

*Adm.* Who knows how much of Life he does retain?  
Twice I reliev'd him from the double force  
Of *Zangibans* old foot, and *Orcan's* Horse.  
My strength was over-pow'rd; and he still bent  
To follow Honour to the *Sultans* Tent.

*Mar.* *Alphonso's* Story has this sodain end:  
*Ianthe* may a longer fate attend.

*Vill.* Of Lives chief hope we are bereft.  
Go rally all whom Death has left.  
Let our remaining Knights make good the Peer.  
Our hearts will serve to beat,  
Unheard, a stoln Retreat.

*Adm.* But shall we leave *Ianthe* Captive here?

*Vill.* I'll to our Temple force our way;  
And there for her redemption pray:  
Her freedome now depends on our return.  
In Temples we shall nothing gain  
From Heav'n, whilst we of loss complain:  
Wee'l for our Crimes, not for our Losses, mourn.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter



Enter *Solyman, Pirrhus.*

*Soly.* Let us no more the *Rhodians* flight pursue ;  
Who since below our anger, need our care.  
Compassion is to vanquisht Valour due  
Which was not cruel in successfull Warr.  
*Pirrh.* Our *Sultan* does his pow'r from Heav'n derive,  
'Tis rais'd above the reach of human force :  
It could not else with soft compassion thrive :  
For few are gain'd or mended by remorse.  
The world is wicked grown, and wicked men  
( Since jealous still of those whom they have harm'd )  
Are but enabled to offend agen  
When they are pardon'd and left arm'd.

Enter *Mustapha, Rustan.*

*Must.* The *Rhodians* will no more in Arms appear:  
They now are lost before they lose their Town.  
*Rust.* They may their Standards hide and Ensigns tear :  
For what's the Body when the Soul is gone ?  
*Must.* The Pris'ner whom in doubtfull fight we took  
( Who long maintain'd the strife ,  
For freedom more than life )  
Is young *Alphonso*, the *Sicilian* Duke.  
*Soly.* Fortune could never find, if she had Eyes,  
A Present for me which I more would prize. [ Enter *Haly.*  
*Haly.* Your Bosom-slave ( the Creature which your pow'r  
Has made in all the world the greatest Wife )  
Did all this dang'rous Night kneel and implore  
That Heav'n would give you length of happy life ,  
In measure to your breadth of spreading Fame,  
And to the heighth of *Ottamans* high name.

Tell

*Soly.* Tell *Roxolana* I esteem her love  
 So much that I her anger fear ;  
 And whilst with passion I the one approve  
 The other I with temper bear.

*Haly.* She charg'd me not to undertake t' express  
 With how much grief her Eyes did melt  
 When she this Night your dangers felt ;  
 Nor how much joy she shew'd at your Success.  
 She hears that you have Pris'ner took  
 The bold *Sicilian* Duke :

And begs he may be strait at her dispose ;  
 That you may try how she can use your Foes.

*Soly.* This furious *Rhodian* Sally could not be  
 Provokt but by his Jealousie of me.

*Must.* He wanted honour who could yours suspect.

*Pirrh.* The rash, by Jealousie, themselves detect.

*Soly.* His jealousy shall meet with punishment.

Convey him strait to *Roxolana's* Tent.

[ *Exit Pirrhus.*

But, *Haly*, know, the fair *Ianthe* must

Be safe, and free, who did my honour trust.

You want no Mutes, nor can they want good skill

To torture or dispatch those whom they Kill.

But since this Duke's renown did spread and rise

( Who in attempt at Night

Has often scap'd my sight )

Take care that I may see him e're he Dyes.

[ *Excunt several ways.*

The



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

55

The Scene returns to *Roxolana's*  
Pavilion.

Enter *Ianthe* in her Night Dress.

*Iant.* **I**N this Pavilion all have been alarm'd.  
The Eunuchs, Mutes, and very Dwarfs were arm'd.  
The *Rhodians* have a fatal Sally made ;  
And many now, to shun  
The griefs of Love, are run  
Through nights dark walks to Death's detested shade.  
An Eunuch lately cry'd, *Alphonso's* slain ;  
Now others change my grief ,  
And give some small relief ,  
By new report that he's but Pris'ner ta'ne.  
Where, my afflicted Lord ,  
Is thy victorions Sword ?  
For now ( though 'twas too weak to rescue thee )  
It might successfull grow  
If thy triumphant Foe  
Would make an end of Love by ending me.

Enter *Roxolana*.

*Roxol.* How fares my Rival, the *Sicilian* Flow'r ?

*Iant.* As wet with Tears as Roses in a show'r.

*Roxol.* I brought you Presents when I saw you last.

*Iant.* Presents ? If you have more ,  
Like those you brought before,

They come too late, unless they make great haste.

*Roxol.* Are you departing without taking leave ?

*Iant.* I would not you, nor can your Guards deceive.

You'l

# The Siege of RHODES.

*Roxol.* You'll pay a farewell to a civil Court ?

*Iant.* Souls make their parting Ceremonies short.

*Roxol.* The Present which the *Sultan* sent before  
( Who means to vex your bashfulness no more )  
Was to your Lips, and that you did refuse :  
But this is to your Ear. I bring you news.

*Iant.* I hear, my Lord and *Abodes* have been too blame.

*Roxol.* It seems you keep intelligence with Fame :  
Or with some frightened Eunuch, her swift Post ;  
Who often has from Camps to Cities brought  
The dreadful News of Battails lost  
Before the Field was fought.

*Iant.* Then I may hope this is a false alarm ;  
And *Rhodes* has neither done nor taken harm.

*Roxol.* You may believe *Alphonso* is not slain.

*Iant.* Blest Angel, speak ! Nor is he Pris'ner ta'ne ?

*Roxol.* He is a Pris'ner, and is given to me.

*Iant.* Angels are kind, I know you'll set him free.

*Roxol.* He has some Wounds, plac'd nobly in his Breast.

*Iant.* You soon take back the comfort you have given.

*Roxol.* They are not deep, and are securely dress'd.

*Iant.* Now you are good agen ! O heal them Heav'n !

*Roxol.* In Heav'n, *Ianthe*, he may mercy find,  
He must go thither, and leave you behind.

*Iant.* I hope I shall discern your looks less strange ;  
And your expressions not so full of change. -----

*Roxol.* Weep'st thou for him, whose sawcy Jealousie  
Durst think the *Sultan* could be false to me ?

*Iant.* Though his offence makes him unfit to live,  
I hope it is no crime in me to grieve.

*Roxol.* Soft Fool ! bred up in narrow Western Courts ;  
Which are by Subjects storm'd like Paper-Forts :  
*Italian* Courts, fair Inns for forein Posts ;  
Where little Princes are but civil Hosts.  
Think'st thou that she, who does wide Empire sway,  
Can breed such storms as Lovers show'rs allay ?  
Can half the World be govern'd by a Mind

That



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

57

That shews Domestick pity, and grows kind ?

*Iant.* Where are those virtuous Vows you lately seal'd ?

*Roxol.* I did enjoyn they should not be reveal'd.

*Iant.* But could you mean they should be broken too ?

*Roxol.* Those Seals were counterfeit, and pass

For nothing, since my Sealing was

But to a Christian when I seal'd to you.

*Iant.* Seal'd by your pretious Lipps ? What is so sure  
As that which makes the *Sultan's* heart secure ?

You to Religion many Temples rere ;

Justice may find one Lodging in your breast.

*Roxol.* Religion is but publique fashion here ;

And Justice is but private interest.

Nature our Sex does to revenge incite ;

And int'rest counsels us to keep our own.

Were you not sent to rule with me at Night ?

Love is as shy of Partners as the Throne.

*Haly*, prepare the Pris'ner ; he must Dye.

[ *Enter Haly.*

*Iant.* If any has offended, it is I. -----

O think ! think upward on the Thrones above.

Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love.

If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r ,

This wretched world could not subsist an how'r.

Excuse his innocence ; and seize my life !

Can you mistake the Husband for the Wife ?

*Roxol.* Are Christian Wives, so true, and wondrous kind ?

*Iant*he, you can never change my Mind :

For I did ever mean to keep my Vow :

Which I renew, and seal it faster now. -----

[ *Kisses her.*

The *Sultan* frankly gave thy Lord to me ;

And I as freely render him to thee.

*Iant.* To all the world be all your virtues known

More than the Triumphs of your *Sultans* Throne.

*Roxol.* Send in her Lord, to calm her troubled Breast.

} *Exeunt Roxolana, Haly,*  
} *several ways.*

*Iant.* Now his departing life may stay ;

I

But

*The Siege of RHODES.*

But he has Wounds. Yet she did say  
They were not deep, and are securely Drest.

Enter *Haly*, *Alphonso*, his Arms  
bound.

*Haly*. Fate holds your Dice; and here expect the Cast.  
Your chance, if it be bad, will soon be past.

[Exit.]

*Alph*. My doom contains not much diversity.  
To live, to dye, to be a slave, or free?  
Death summs up all! by Dying we remove  
From all the frowns of Pow'r, and griefs of Love.

*Ianthe*, are you here?  
I will dismiss my fear.  
Deaths dreaded Journey I  
Have ended e're I Dye.

Death does to Heav'n the virtuous lead;  
Which I enjoy ere I am Dead.  
For it is Heav'n to me where e're thou art,  
And those who meet in Heav'n shall never part.

*Iant*. Stay, stay, *Alphonso*! you proceed too fast;  
For I am chang'd since you beheld me last.  
In *Rhodes* I wholly did my self resign  
To serve your pow'r, but you are now in mine.  
And that you may perceive how soon I can  
Melt the Obdurate heart of *Solyman*;  
Let this confirm your restless Jealousie:

You came in bound, and thus I make you free. ----

[Unbinds him.]

*Alph*. By this, *Ianthe*, you express no more  
Dominion o're me than you had before.  
In *Rhodes* I was a Subject to your will:  
Your smiles preserv'd me, and your frowns did Kill.

*Iant*. I know your Tongue too well; which should deceive,  
One who had Study'd all the Art  
Of Love rather than her whole heart

To come a Pony



# *The Siege of RHODES.*

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Too simply would your very looks believe.  
But now you know, that though you are unbound,  
Yet still your walk is on the *Sultans* ground.

*Alph.* *Ianthe*, you are chang'd indeed  
If, cruelly, you thus proceed.

*Iant.* In tracing human Story we shall find  
The cruel more successfull than the kind.  
Whilst you are here submitted to my sway,  
It safe discretion were to make you pay  
For all those Sighs and Tears my Heart and Eyes  
Have lost to make you lose your Jealousies.  
But I was bred in Natures simple School;  
And am but Loves great Fool,  
With whom you rudely play,  
And strike me hard, then stroke the pain away. -----  
How are your Wounds? I hope you find them slight?

*Alph.* They scarce will need the rip'ning of a Night:  
Unless, severe *Ianthe*, you  
By chiding me, their pains renew.

*Iant.* Was it not Jealousie which brought you here?

*Alph.* It was my love, conducted by my fear.  
Fear of your safety, not of virtue, made  
The *Rhodians*, by surprize, this Camp invade.  
In hope, by bringing home great Pris'ners, we  
Might set the *Rhodians* greater Mistress free.

*Iant.* The safety of *Ianthe* was not worth  
That courage which mis-led the *Rhodians* forth.  
The worlds Contagion, Vice, could ne'r infect  
The *Sultans* heart: but when you did suspect  
His favours were too great for me to take,  
You then, *Alphonso*, did unkindly make  
My merit small; as if you knew  
There was to that but little due.

Or if he wicked were,  
What danger could you fear?  
Since Virtues force all vicious pow'r controles,  
*Lucrece* a Ponyard found, and *Porcia* Coals.

*Alph.* How low to your high virtue shall I fall?

*Iant.* What chance attended in this fatal Night  
The *Master, Marshal, and the Admiral*?

*Alph.* I lost them in the thickest Mist of Fight.  
Yet did from *Haly* this short comfort get  
That they to *Rhodes* have made a brave Retreat.  
As Love's great Champions we must them adore.

*Iant.* Be well, *Alphonso*, I will chide no more.

Enter *Solyman, Roxolana, Mustapha,*  
*Pirrhbus, Haly, Rustan.*

*Soly.* *Haly*, I did declare that I would see  
The jealous Pris'ner e're he Dy'd.

*Roxol.* Look there! you are obey'd. Yet pardon me  
Who, e're you pardon'd him, did make him free.

*Soly.* In this I have your virtue try'd.  
If *Roxolana* thus revengeless proves  
To him whom such a beautiful Rival loves,  
It does denote she Rivals can endure,  
Yet think she still is of my heart secure.  
Duke, this Example of her trust may be  
A cure for your distrustfull thoughts of me.  
You may imbark for the *Sicilian Coast*;  
And there possess your Wife when *Rhodes* is lost.

*Alph.* Since freedom, which is more than Life, you give  
To him, who durst not ask you leave to Live;  
I cannot doubt your bounty when I crave  
That, granting freedom, you will Honour save.  
My honour I shall lose, unless I share  
In *Rhodes*, the *Rhodians* worst effects of Warr.  
To *Sicily* let chaste *Ianthe* steer;  
And sing long Stories of your virtue there:  
Whilst, by your mercy sent, to *Rhodes* I go,  
To be in *Rhodes* your Suppliant, not your Foe.

*Alphonso,*



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*Iant.* *Alphonso*, I have honour too ;  
Which calls me back to *Rhodes* with you.

Were this, through tenderness, by you deny'd  
For soft concerns of Life ,  
Yet gracious *Solyman* will ne'r divide  
The Husband from the Wife.

*Soly.* Both may to *Rhodes* return : But it is just  
That you, who nobly did my honour trust ,  
( Without my Pass, or plighted Word )  
Should more by your advent'rous visit get  
Than Empires int'rest would afford ,  
Or you expected when you came to Treat.  
Go back *Iantke* ; make your own  
Conditions boldly for the Town.

I am content it should recorded be ,  
That, when I vanquisht *Rhodes*, you Conquer'd me.

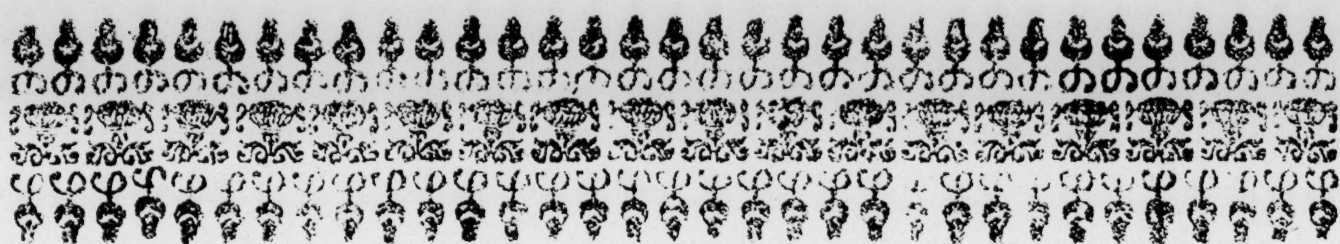
*Iant.* Not Fames free Voice, nor lasting Numbers can  
Disperse, or keep, enough of *Solyman*.

*Soly.* From Lovers Beds, and Thrones of Monarchs, fly  
Thou ever waking Madness, Jealousie.

And still, to Natures Darling, Love  
( That all the World may happy prove )  
Let Giant-Virtue be the watchfull Guard ,  
Honour, the cautious Guide, and sure reward :  
Honour, adorn'd in such a Poets Song  
As may prescribe to Fame  
What loyal Lovers name  
Shall farr be spread , and shall continue long.

[ *Exeunt omnes.*

EPI.



# EPILOGUE.

**T** Hough, bashfully, we fear to give offence ;  
Yet , pray allow our Poet confidence.

He has the priv'lege of old Servants got ;  
Who are conniv'd at, and have leave to Doat ;  
To boast past service, and be chol'rique too ,  
Till they believe at last that all they do  
Does far above their Masters Judgments grow :  
Much like to theirs , is his presumption now.  
For free, assur'd, and bold his Brow appears ,  
Because, he serv'd your Fathers many years.  
He says he pleas'd them too, but he may find,  
You Wits, not of your Duller-Fathers mind.  
Which, well consider'd Mistress Muse will then  
Wish for her old Gallants at Fri's agen ;

Rather



Rather than be by those neglected here,

Whose Fathers civilly did Court her there.

But as old Mistresses, who meet disdain,

Forbear through Pride, or Prudence, to complain;

And satisfy their hearts, when they are sad,

With thoughts of former Lovers they have had:

Even so poor Madam-Muse this night must bear,

With equal palse, the fits of hope and fear;

'never will against your Passion strive:

But, being old, and therefore Narrative,

Comfort her self with telling Tales, too long,

As many Plaudits had when she was young.

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